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BY

M. F. SWEETSER,

AUTHOR OF "TICKNOR'S AMERICAN GUIDE-BOOKS," "CHISHOLM'S MOUNT DESERT GUIDE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHISHOLM BROTHERS,
PORTLAND.

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REVISED 1917

PREFACE.

An honest endeavor is made, in these pages to present a Guide-book to the White Mountains which shall be inexpensive without being venal, treating the great mountain-hotels and routes as effects, rather than causes, and considering them more in the light of episodical adjuncts than as the chief purposes of the tourist's excursion into New Hampshire. The main stress is laid on the natural scenery of the White Hills, and the romantic history and legends connected therewith, in the belief that these are the things which induce travellers to journey thitherward, rather than even the very creditable works of constructive and gastronomic art which may be found there during the tour. An attempt has also been made to clear the text from the encumberment of figures and lists, by grouping at the end tables of the distances from the chief hotels and resorts to the objects of interest in their vicinity; lists of the hotels and boarding-houses, with the extent of their accommodations, and their prices; and tables of the altitudes of the various mountains, lakes, villages, and hotels.

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INTRODUCTORY.

The White Mountains of New Hampshire cover an area of about thirteen hundred square miles, between the Maine border and the Connecticut Valley, the Androscoggin, Upper Ammonoosuc Valley, and the basin of Lake Winnepesaukee. The central chain of mountains, sometimes called the Great Range, or the Presidential Range, is thirteen miles long, extending from Mount Madison to Mount Webster in a direction of south-south-west, and culminating in the lofty peak of Mount Washington. The group carries snow through nearly half the year, and on account of this circumstance received the name of the *White Mountains* from the early settlers along the New England coast more than two centuries ago. Several leagues to the south-west are the Franconia Mountains, and various other groups and ranges are found in all directions. The almost infinite variety of scenery in this region constitutes its great charm, and gives it a perennial interest, even to those who have seen loftier and more famous mountain-lands. Scores of thousands of tourists enter this district every summer, coming from all parts of the Republic, and even from beyond seas, and each finding here that which can please and benefit. There is a marvellous variety of colors, the differing rock-formations of the peaks giving rich contrasts of browns and grays,

blacks, whites, and reds, around which the all-pervading green of the forests sweeps like a vast undulating sea.

There are several first-class railroads traversing the valleys of the White-Mountain region, and a few well-served stage-lines, bringing all the principal points within easy reach, and yet leaving hundreds of miles of remoter roads to be explored by private conveyance or on foot. Many first-class hotels and scores of boarding-houses of various grades are adequate to the accommodation of thousands of guests. The season begins feebly in June; grows more lively all through July; and is at its height in August, when nearly all the public houses are full and overflowing. In September and October the "city folks" return to their homes beside the paved streets, invigorated and refreshed by their visit to the highlands, and feeling the pulsings of a new life in their veins.

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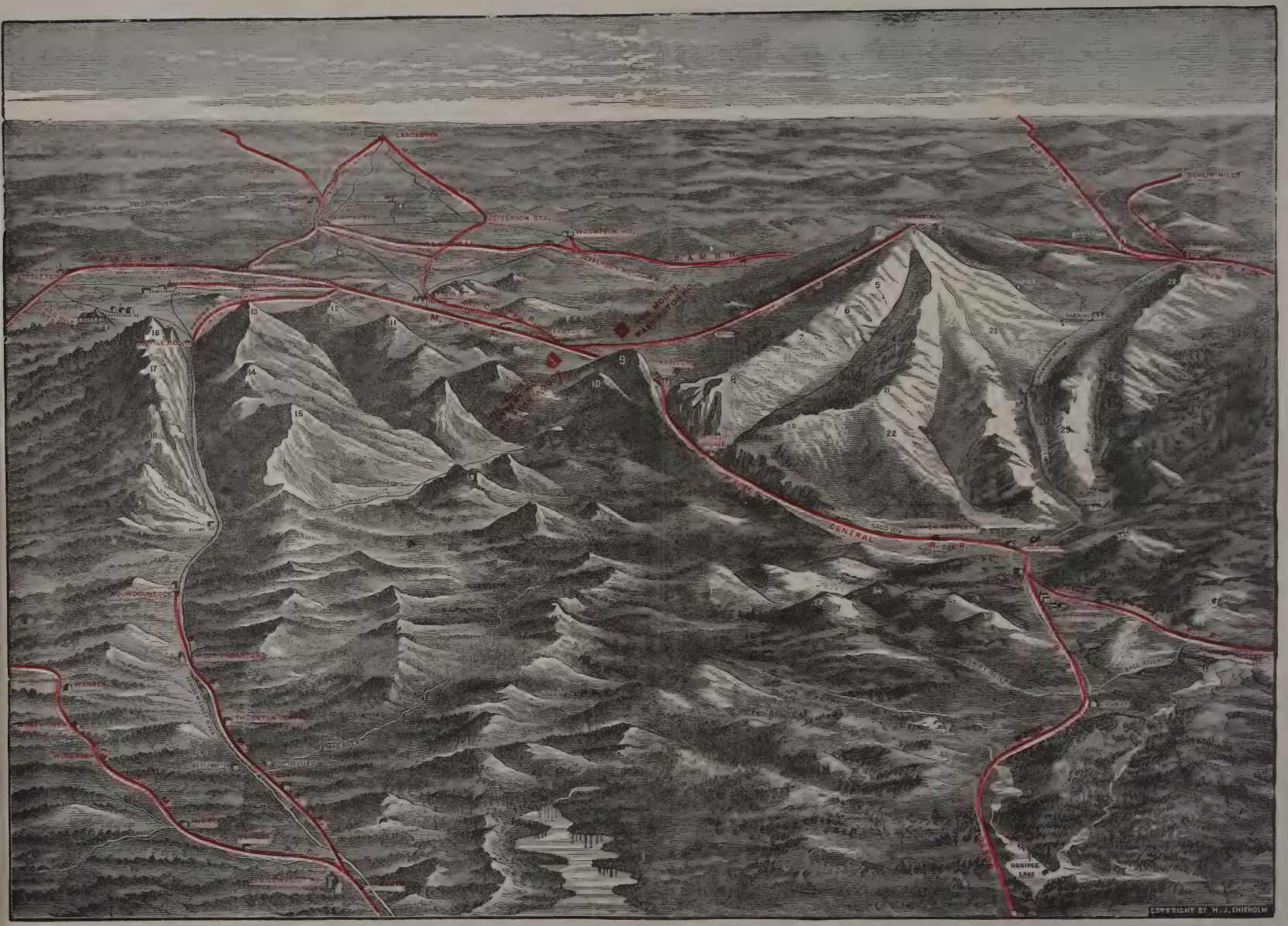


BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

1. Mount Washington.
2. Mount Jefferson.
3. Mount Adams.
4. Mount Madison.
5. Mount Monroe.
6. Mount Franklin.
7. Mount Pleasant.
8. Mount Webster.
9. Mount Tom.
10. Mount Willey.
11. Twin Mountain.
12. Mount Garfield (The Haystack).
13. Mount Lafayette.
14. Mount Lincoln.
15. Mount Liberty.
16. Profile Mountain.
17. Mount Kinsman.
18. Mount Pemigewasset.
20. Mount Crawford.
21. Giant's Stairs.
22. Mount Langdon.
23. Tuckerman's Ravine.
24. Carter Dome.
25. Spruce Mountain.
26. Double Head.
27. Mount Wild-Cat.
28. Mount Carter.
30. Mount Kiarsarge.
31. Moat Mountain.
32. Bear Mountain.

WHITE-MOUNTAIN GUIDE-BOOK.

CHAPTER 1.

THE ROUTES FROM NEW YORK, THE SOUTH, AND THE WEST TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—THE SOUND LINES—THE LINES BY RAIL.—FROM SARATOGA TO THE MOUNTAINS.—FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE THROUGH CAR LINES.

Of the host of health and pleasure seekers who journey season after season to the beautiful highlands of New Hampshire, the majority come from the teeming cities of Boston, Greater New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. What wonder then that admirable train service is provided, with New York City, or Boston, the distributing points.

During late years the advantage of through train service from the Grand Central in New York, to Portland, Maine, the threshold of the White Mountains, has been granted the traveller, using the route via Worcester and avoiding the transfer at Boston.

By this route one leaves New York at 8 p. m. daily (except Sunday) in a train of many sleeping cars, arriving at Portland at 6.30 a. m. The Mountain Division train of the Maine Central leaves Portland at 9.10 a. m., running via the Wonderland of the Crawford Notch and reaching all White and Franconia Mountains resorts by early afternoon.

Also a through train from the Grand Central station leaves New York at a comfortable hour of the morning, and, running via the Connecticut Valley Route, reaches Fabyans at 7.55 p. m. Connecting trains of the Maine Central Railroad convey travellers to all resorts down through the Crawford Notch as far as North Conway, and also northward as far as Beecher Falls in Vermont, through Lancaster, Colebrook and kindred towns.

THE WATER ROUTES.

The boats of the always popular Fall River Line of steamboats still continue to leave New York in the late afternoon and by connecting train from Fall River land passengers in Boston in season for the forenoon White Mountain trains via Intervale Junction, or via Portland as desired. Or, the iron boats of the Maine Steamship Company in a twenty-hour outside run reach Portland in the afternoon, from whence it is possible to take the evening train White Mountain-ward over the Maine Central, or spend the night in the beautiful city-by-the-sea to continue the journey next morning.

THE ROUTES VIA BOSTON AND PORTLAND.

A great majority no doubt break the journey at Boston, travelling from New York via the many fast trains of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, or using the comfortable steamer Maryland route from the cities to the southard of the metropolis.

From Boston to the White Mountains are many trains, some running via White River Junction and Plymouth direct to Fabyans, others via Intervale Junction and the Crawford Notch to Fabyans, and still others via Portland, Intervale and the Crawford Notch to Fabyans, connecting by a network of rail and stage routes with every White and Franconia Mountain resorts.

When is considered the fact that a large part of the tourist travel to the Playground of our Country, Maine

and New Hampshire, comes to Portland it may be believed that expedited train-service is maintained between The Hub and the Forest City. There are in fact thirty and odd passenger trains daily between the two cities, many of them three hour expresses, and others doing the 115 miles in two hours and fifty minutes with but one stop.

From Portland there are four daily trains for the Mountains, at 9.10 a. m., 1.30 p. m., 6.05 and 9.00 p. m.

THE ROUTES THROUGH VERMONT AND CANADA.

Of routes northward from New York, up the Hudson Valley and across Vermont, there are a great variety, whose changing details may be learned from the metropolitan newspapers.

From Saratoga and other points on that line, the usual route is across Southern Vermont to Rutland and Bellows Falls, and up the Connecticut Valley.

Points farther north in the Champlain region are connected with the mountains by the St. Johnsbury and Lake Champlain Railroad, across Northern Vermont.

Montreal sends her mountain-tourists down the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Passumpsic Line, directly to the heart of the White Hills, in a few hours. The Grand Trunk Railway also carries many tourists from Montreal and Quebec to Gorham, at the foot of the Presidential Range; or, at North Stratford and Groveton Junction, connects with the lines on the west side of the mountains. The most direct route from Quebec, however, is that of the Quebec Central and Maine Central roads, with through cars, via Dudswell Junction.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.—THE EASTERN DIVISION, BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD, AND ITS CITIES.—THE WESTERN DIVISION, BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.—THE ROUTE BY SEA.—PORTLAND.

THE WAY OF THE COAST.

The Boston and Maine Railroad—Eastern Division (108 miles).—North Union Station on Causeway Street, Boston.

Rushing out from the crowded North terminal station in Boston, the train crosses the broad Charles River, and swings in a half-circle several miles long around the populous heights of Charlestown, through numerous suburban villages, and over a network of other railroads. Beyond Chelsea and the lofty Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, the engine settles to work, and flies over the broad and salty expanse of the Lynn marshes, with the hotels of Revere Beach and the rocky bluffs of Nahant close at hand on the East, and the bold hills and white villages of Saugus on the other side. Lynn rises on the edge of the marshes, with its seventy-five thousand inhabitants, who make many millions pairs of shoes a year, and are the chief workmen in the leading industry of Massachusetts. The imposing lines of brick buildings which form the central part of the city are flanked by miles of wooden houses, bounded at last by High Rock, commemorating Moll Pitcher and the Hutchinsons, and Dungeon Rock, where mild-mannered fanatics cut through the solid porphyritic ledges for thirty years, in vain quest for concealed treasures.

Next comes Swampscott, where Miss Culture delights to muse during the summer, in satisfactory juxtaposition with the venerated and exceedingly estimable descendants of the Puritans. Long Branch is to New York, or Brighton to London, very much what this strand is to Boston, although the Massachusetts resort is much the most accessible in point of time. A bit of sea appears on the right, and a few of the smaller villas and cottages; and the green hills hide the mossy old streets of Marblehead, farther out on the point.

Salem is the next stopping-place, and the train pauses long enough in the great dark hall of its granite and castellated station to allow a throng of appropriately sombre and stately memories to re-visit the mind. The mother-city of Massachusetts; granted in 1627 to knights and gentlemen of England, and "called Salem from the peace which they had and hoped in it;" where the sweet Lady Arabella Johnson died; where Roger Williams preached, and Winthrop administered justice, and the Bradstreets and the Endicotts dwelt; the scene of the terrible witchcraft persecution in 1692; the hornet's nest of privateers during our wars with Britain; the chief mart, for many years, of the American trade with the East Indies; and the birthplace of Israel Putnam the soldier, Timothy Pickering the statesman, Bowditch the navigator, Peirce he mathematician, and Prescott the historian. Here Hawthorne also was born, and dwelt for many years; and here, too, lived George Peabody, whose honored remains lie in the cemetery near by, while his bequests enrich the city with rare collections and institutions. There are thirty-six thousand inhabitants here, fluctuating socially around the venerable East-India aristocrats, and living a quiet and industrious life. It would be no great loss to miss a train here, and thereby gain time to see the antiquarian treasures of Plummer Hall, the Old Witch House, the oldest church building north of Florida, the priceless collections of the Peabody Institute, the curiosities in the East-India Marine

Hall, the custom-house where Hawthorne was a clerk, and the bright harbor, now empty of Calcutta and Madras keels.

Out through the long dark Salem Tunnel, not devoid of osculatory suggestions to Essex maidens, and across North River, with the harbor and the sea on the starboard, and then the train enters Beverly, famous for shoes, and the point of departure for the line of track which winds about the rocky hills of Cape Ann, to Gloucester and Pigeon Cove. Next come names which were once great, but are now eclipsed even by the Denvers and Santa Fés of the Far West,—Wenham, which an English tourist called "a delicious paradise" about the time that Murillo and Claude Lorrain died, and before Voltaire and Sam Johnson were born; Hamilton, where the interesting Gail Hamilton dwelt; Ipswich, a venerable Puritan hamlet, on ground which Capt. John Smith reconnoitred in 1614; and Rowley, settled two hundred and forty years ago by a nomadic church from Rowley in old Yorkshire.

Over the wide marshes which stretch to the yellow sand-dunes of Plum Island the train flies apace, and soon enters charming old Newburyport, which Joseph Cook eulogized as "the sea-blown city at the mouth of the Merrimac." Nowhere are there lovelier drives, quainter old colonial houses, more drowsy streets, more amusing legends, or such myriads of venerable trees overarching all the sidewalks. On one side is the lofty and picturesque Chain Bridge, with Laurel Castle, where Sir Edward Thornton has spent so many seasons; and Hawkswood, where Julia Fletcher used to live; on another is the late Ben: Perley Poor's Indian Hill mansion, the Abbottsford of New England; and on another was the home of John G. Whittier, the good old poet of the Merrimac Valley, whose harp was ever attuned to lofty Christian melodies. Newburyport has been called home by John Quincy Adams, Caleb Cushing, John B. Gough, and Harriet Prescott Spofford; it has been visited by Louis Philippe, Talleyrand,

Lafayette, Washington, Longfellow, Thoreau, and scores of old-time worthies; Garrison was born here, and Whitefield is buried in one of the ancient churches.

Now the train sweeps across the high bridge over the Merrimac, with the ocean on the right, fronted by the fading old city, and on the left the swelling outline of Po Hill, over Whittier's home. For twenty miles it traverses thick forests and open salt meadows, with ancient hamlets on one side and the broken shores of Hampton and Rye, dotted with summer-hotels and cottages, on the other. Another brick and wood cavern ingulfs the track at Portsmouth, the only seaport of New Hampshire, and one of the quaintest and most interesting of the seaboard cities. Among these shadowy and tranquil streets the Wentworths and the Langdons dwelt; and here were born James T. Fields, Mrs. Partington Shillaber, and the Bad Boy, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, not to mention Commodore Parrott of artillery fame, or Bishop Parker, or Sir John Wentworth. About eleven thousand people live here, and double that number of legends and traditions.

The vigilant traveller who looks out on the right-hand side of the train, as it crosses the bridge over the Piscataqua, into Maine, will see the great ship-houses of the United-States Navy Yard at Kittery, near the old domains and crumbling tombs of the Pepperells and Sparhawks, "The Wentworth" at Newcastle; and perchance the steamboat running out toward the Isles of Shoals, which lie ten miles out to sea. He will be reminded that here was negotiated the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia which terminated the long and bloody struggle between those two nations, a treaty consummated upon the soil of the State of Maine but for which New Hampshire reaped the honors and the rewards. At Conway Junction the train for the White Mountains direct swings off to the left; and the Portland train passes on, by the stations of Wells and Kennebunk, and then through the twin-cities of Biddeford and Saco, between which it crosse the wide

Saco River, which we shall see again in its very cradle. A half-hour more, across the quiet townships of York County, and the many-wheeled procession, Pullman, smoker, coach, and truck rattles across Fore River bridge, and enters fair Portland, the metropolis of Maine.

THE WAY OF THE HILLS AND BEACHES.

The Boston and Maine Railroad—Western Division—North Union Station, Boston.

Also from the portal of the North Union Station at Boston the trains of the Western Division emerge to cross the Charles River, between Charlestown and Cambridge, reaching *terra firma* at Somerville, near that dark hill on which the Ursuline Convent was burned by an angry mob. Beyond the Mystic River, the college-crowned heights of Medford are seen; and then come the pretty suburban villages of Wyoming and Melrose. Now and then bright lakes diversify the landscape, and craggy hills, half-tamed, roll away on either hand. Wakefield, with its group of stately buildings, commemorates the founder of the rattan-working industry; and Reading, with its rolling sienite hills and many shoe-shops, comes next to the north, followed by the peaty plains of Wilmington, where the first and eldest Baldwin apple-tree is still shown with great local pride.

Andover next appears, the school of the prophets of the old State Church of Massachusetts, where the venerable halls of the Theological Seminary rise on a beautiful hill, surrounded by wide grassy areas and long lines of tall trees, under which the divinity-students of Congregationalism walk as gravely as the robed Roman scholars of the *De Propaganda Fide* do under the evergreen oaks of the Villa Borghese. Here Stuart, Phelps, Park, and Woods have trained the spiritual athletes of Puritanism to noble service in all lands, from the rationalistic cities of Eastern New England and the bovine faith of the hill-towns to the most distant and perilous enterprises of Chinese and

African missions. Ten years ago I stood by a group of fine school-buildings at Brechin, in old Scotland, and was told that the hill which sloped down thence to the South Esk was called *Andover Hill*, because the schools had been built and endowed by two citizens of Andover, in Massachusetts. The same gentlemen (natives of the Scottish town) also erected a stately stone library-building for the Andover Seminary, and entitled it *Brechin Hall*. The scenery of Andover is very pleasing, along the vales of the Shawshine River, and the sunset view from Andover Hill is widely famous for its rare beauty.

The next city to come into view is Lawrence, which commemorates the name of Abbott Lawrence, a munificent Boston merchant, and long-time Minister to England. Lawrence has sixty-three thousand inhabitants, and is the most beautiful and enterprising of the manufacturing cities of New England, with stately public buildings and hundreds of thousands of humming spindles. Here are the enormous Pacific Mills, among the largest in the world, and producing enough cheap cloths to drape a small continent.

For half an hour the line follows the bright Merrimac River, full of picturesque beauty, and rich in history and legend; and then crosses from Bradford to Haverhill, on a substantial bridge. Here, practically, is the head of navigation on the Merrimac, eighteen miles from the sea, and the houses of the city are aligned on hills which rise gracefully from the stream. John G. Whittier was born here, in 1807, and has written many charming verses about the surrounding lakes and the river. Again and again the infant settlement of Haverhill was assailed by French soldiers and Indian warriors, two centuries ago, and scores of its people were slain or carried into fatal captivity; but the Saxons held fast, and now no more peaceful and happy community exists than the shoe making city of Haverhill.

Leaving the Merrimac Valley the train soon enters New

Hampshire, and rushes without pause across several farming towns, to Exeter, the famous academy village, where so many illustrious scholars and statesmen have received their early education. The next station of importance is Dover, the most ancient settlement in the State, and now a busy little factory-city at the falls of the Cocheco. From this station a train runs across a picturesque farming country for an hour and a half, to Alton, on Lake Winnepesaukee. At Rollinsford, just beyond Dover, the White-Mountain train leaves the main line, and at Great Falls joins the train for the White Mountains from the Eastern Division.

Not far beyond Dover, the Portland train approaches the sea, and runs through Wells, Kennebunk, Biddeford, and Saco, near their famous beaches. At Old Orchard the line lies between the hotels and the surf.

A short run from this point, and the train enters Portland.

FROM BOSTON TO PORTLAND.

The Way of the Sea.

Towards evening the great white steamships of the Portland Line, and at early morning the International steamers, leave their piers at Boston, and hold their stately course down the harbor, towering high over the yachts and the dainty steamboats of the Bay fleet, and winding between the fortified islands, until they pass out through Broad Sound into the open sea. The route is laid not far off shore, along the famous coasts of Essex and past the white hotels of a score of beach-resorts,—Swampscot, Marblehead, Manchester, Magnolia,—until the tall twin lighthouses on Thacher's Island are rounded, and then the wide Gulf of Maine is crossed, well off the New-Hampshire beaches, and not far from the Isles of Shoals and the solitary Boone Island. At last the Cape-Elizabeth light is passed, and the picturesque harbor of Portland comes into view.

UNION STATION, PORTLAND, MAINE

PORTLAND.

One of the most beautiful and enterprising of the maritime cities of New England is Portland, the metropolis of Maine, and the point of departure for Mount Desert, Moosehead Lake, and the Rangeley Lakes, as well as for the White Mountains. It has sixty thousand inhabitants, and glories in the possession of many imposing public buildings; a city-hall completed in 1912 of Maine granite at a cost of one million dollars, containing an auditorium with seating capacity for three thousand, equipped with an organ second to none in the country costing fifty thousand dollars; a post-office of Vermont marble, and a custom-house of Maine granite, besides two cathedrals, and a great number of churches. The harbor is a deep-watered nook of the beautiful Casco Bay, heavily fortified by five modern forts, strongly garrisoned and equipped with the best armament that Uncle Sam can supply, in modern fortifications costing millions. There are besides several of the ancient relics of ante-bellum days, which now but serve to add a picturesque feature to the smiling summer-populated bay of islands. Throughout the summer steamboats run through these holiday waters, bearing merry excursionists to the park-like islands and their hotels; and swift trains, also trolley cars, connect the city with the adjacent southern beaches, Scarborough, Old Orchard and the rest.

On the main street of Portland, where it crosses Munjoy Hill, stands a tall observatory, from which one can enjoy a view over the ocean and Casco Bay, and also see the grand panorama of the White Mountains, serrating the whole north-western horizon. This vision of sublimity is enough to allure the summer-voyager even from the breezy coast of Portland, and cause him to set his face toward the region of the North-west Wind, Keewaydin.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROUTE FROM PORTLAND TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—SEBAGO LAKE.—FRYEBURG.—THE EASTERN DIVISION, BOSTON MAINE RAILROAD, TO NORTH CONWAY.

FROM PORTLAND TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

By the Maine Central Railroad.

There was something heroic in the temper of the men who planned the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, resolving that the fair little Forest City should be joined to the great Western lakes by bands of steel, although two great mountain-ranges and many formidable rivers lay between. From their resolution this long line has come into existence, breaking down all natural obstacles, and sparing no outlay of treasure to broaden the famous commercial route. Incidentally (though mainly, for our purpose) the line developed new areas of æsthetic pleasure, and made easy the way for thousands of pilgrims of sentiment. So that one can now pass from Portland to the very gate and threshold of the White Mountains in three brief hours, and in as much more time can traverse their wonderful gorges, and emerge in the Connecticut Valley. Of all the railroads which approach the mountains, this is the only one which carries them by storm, and penetrates their deepest recesses, and with the invincible power and calm security of modern scientific engineering. This route was built by the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad Company, and operated by them with success until the year 1888, when it became a part of the great system of the Maine Cetnral Railroad, extending from the Connecticut Valley eastward to the frontiers of Canada. The in-

domitable engineer who drove the line through the mountains was the late John F. Anderson.

It is but little more than half an hour, through quiet old farming towns, and by several white hamlets, until the train reaches the shore of Sebago Lake, the beautiful sheet of water which lies between the highlands and the plains, and mirrors the distant peaks in its clear and translucent tide. One of the fairest episodes of the journey is that in which the train speeds along the shores of Sebago, by glittering sandy beaches and embowered points, with the clear expanse of the waters stretching far away beyond. Then ensues a short run over the dreary watershed, and the line descends into the valley by Steep Falls, and meets the bright stream of the Saco, the mountain-born river. Shaggy highlands are seen on either side, as, from time to time, there occur breaks in the woods; and the clustering villages of the plains are succeeded by half-wild forest-hamlets. Beyond West Baldwin, in looking across the river, one may see the stately old Wadsworth mansion, where the poet Longfellow spent many a happy vacation in the home of his grandfather; and a little way beyond are the Great Falls of the Saco, which may be seen from the train, as they dash in white masses of foam over the high black ledges. Soon the rugged ridge of Mount Cutler is rounded, and the pretty village of Hiram Bridge appears, in the glen to the right of the track.

Fryeburg hides its beauties behind deep groves, as the train draws up to the station, and the uninstructed traveller would hardly imagine the tranquil delights of this Queen of the Saco Valley, with its vast areas of richest meadows, its sweetly sinuous river, and its deeply shaded streets, bordered by dignified old colonial houses. There are very pleasant drives throughout all this region, by which one may reach Mount Pleasant, the eastern vidette of the White Mountains; or enjoy the diversified charms of the Kezar Ponds; or cross the emerald intervales to North Conway, under the very shadows of the

mountains. Close to the village is Jockey Cap, a huge pile of granite from which the western peaks are seen in panoramic line; and just beyond is Lovewell's Pond, commemorating the valiant captain who led thirty-four Massachusetts rangers to this shore, in 1725, and fought with the Pequawket Indians here all day long, until Lovewell and his chaplain and nearly all his men were killed or wounded. Soon afterwards the Indians abandoned their village, and Fryeburg was founded. Daniel Webster taught the village academy for awhile; and Gov. Lincoln, while living here, wrote a long semi-didactic poem, "The Village."

The summit of Stark's Hill, close to Fryeburg, has now been cleared, and affords a magnificent view of the mountains and the great Saco Plain. The new summer-resort of Highland Park, several miles out, is now attracting some attention; and the entire Fryeburg region gains more and more favor each season.

As the train advances from Fryeburg, and swings from curve to curve over the Saco meadows, the prospect varies continually, and the house-crowned cone of Kearsarge, the long red ledges of Moat Mountain, and the splendid white crest of Chocorua, rush into view. At last a passage opens ahead, between the bristling Green Hills and Moat Mountain, and the line runs through a dreary bit of woodland, to the station at North Conway.

LAKE SEBAGO.

As the train goes, by the way of the Maine Central Railroad, Sebago is seventeen miles from Portland, and forty-three miles from North Conway. The steamboat departs from the railroad-station, and makes the tour of all the lakes, and then returns, the distance up and back being sixty-eight miles.

Sebago is twelve miles long and nine miles wide, with a greatest depth of four hundred feet, and waters purer than those of any other New-England lake. Its shores

are low, with graceful ridges rising beyond, and the White-Mountain chain frequently appearing in the blue distance; while but a few islands break the broad expanse of water. On the east shore is Windham, settled by men of Marblehead, and the birthplace of John A. Andrew; and Raymond, where Nathaniel Hawthorne spent some of his earlier years, often rowing out on the lake, while the solemn stillness and shadowy gloom of the forests deepened the sombre spirit which Puritan Salem had given him.

At the head of Sebago, after an hour's sail, the steamer runs between brushwood jetties, and enters the Songo River, a quaintly errant stream which flows six miles to pass between points two and a half miles apart, often so near the banks that the boughs brush the decks. Longfellow himself has used the pen which honored the Rhine and the Arno to write laughing verses about this corkscrew river. After ascending to the level of the upper lakes, by a canal-lock, the vessel sweeps out into the Bay of Naples, near the hamlet of Naples. Dudley Warner says that all harbors are likened to the Neapolitan Bay, "and I'm sure the passing traveller can stand it if the Bay of Naples can." Now in ancient times this sheet of water was called *Brandy Pond,* and when Neal Dow banished alcoholic spirits from the State, the people hereabouts took this as their best approach to the Parthenopian Gulf, and named it the Bay of Naples. This classic water is left by passing through a draw-bridge, and the gallant bark steams boldly out on Long Pond, an uncivilized Yankee Windermere thirteen miles long and not more than half a league wide. One may go on to the head, at Harrison; or stop at North Bridgton, a pretty lakeside hamlet near the mountain-glen where Artemus Ward was born; or pause midway at Bridgton Landing, and ride a mile to the brisk highland village of Bridgton, with its beautiful drives and lakes, its woollen-mills and canning-factories.

Mount Pleasant in Maine is ten miles from Bridgton,

by a stage line, and seven miles from Fryeburg. It consists of a long wall of wooded heights about two thousand feet high, with a road leading to the top of one of the middle peaks, up a long and shallow ravine. A hotel crowns the summit but it has not been opened for several seasons. The view is very beautiful and extensive, either on the west, where the ancient and paradisiac plains of Pequawket, are overlooked by Chocorua, Osceola, Moat, Kiarsarge, and the lofty Presidential Range; or on the southeast, where Portland's spires appear over Sebago's broad bosom. A neat narrow-gauge railroad runs from Bridgton Junction, on the Maine Central Railroad, to Bridgton, sixteen miles distant, giving an easy mode of access to the region of Mount Pleasant and the towns beyond.

THE BOSTON & MAINE R. R. ROUTE TO NORTH CONWAY.

There is a point called Conway Junction, sixty-seven miles from Boston, where a branch line diverges from the main stem of the Eastern Division of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and starts up the valley of the Salmon-Falls River, at Great Falls connecting with the train from the Western Division of the same road. Beyond the humming and rumbling mills at Salmon Falls and Great Falls, the train swings along cheerily over the Norway plains, and pauses at Rochester, a dull and prosperous town of six thousand inhabitants, with broad and regular streets, and spacious ecclesiastical and educational buildings. The next station is Milton, near some picturesque ponds and hill-scenery; followed by Union about which, I believe, there is nothing interesting. At Wolfeborough Junction the track for Wolfeborough may be seen diverging to the left, to reach the Winnepesaukee shores in eleven miles. After this come numerous stations in the indefinitely prolonged town of Wakefield, whose beautiful lakes, crystal-clear and hill-guarded, suffice to draw hither several hundred city-folks every season. Wakefield is succeeded by Ossipee,

another town of generous distances and many stations, one of which is at the capital of Carroll County; and another stands at the road which leads to the famous and never-visited Green Mountain in Effingham, near the Maine frontier. The Ossipee Mountains, low and woody, now crowd the track; and after passing them by, and crossing the Bearcamp River, the train slows up at West Ossipee. This smallest of the highland hamlets was for many years known as the favorite mountain-resort of John G. Whittier, several of whose poems are connected with this valley. There are beautiful views, from West Ossipee, of the great peaks of Chocorua, Passaconaway, Paugus, Whiteface, and Sandwich Dome, rising across the level plains of Tamworth as the Alban Mountains rise over the Roman Campagna, and richly spiritualized at each clear sunset. There are pleasant drives from West Ossipee, the easiest of which is one of four miles to Ossipee Lake, a large oval sheet of transparent water surrounded by gloomy heaths, and stocked with divers fish. On the shore are the vestiges of an ancient fort, built by Capt. Lovewell during his ill-fated foray in 1725, and afterwards sadly abandoned. Harriet Martineau likened Ossipee Lake to the wildest parts of Norway, whereat the land of the Northmen may not feel unduly proud. About seven miles north of West Ossipee, by a fair, level road which traverses the venerable hamlet of Tamworth Iron-Works (whose iron-works have not been run since before the War of 1812), is Chocorua Lake, a lovely mountain-tarn at the foot of Mount Chocorua, a mile long, and domineered over by the customary hotel. Chocorua is ascended by a path which leaves Hammond's farm-road three miles from the Lake House, and rises over a splendid line of rocky ridges and spires to the apex of the gallant peak, 3,540 feet above the sea. From West Ossipee, also, stages run daily through South Tamworth and Moultonborough Corner to Centre Harbor, eighteen miles distant

on Lake Winnepesaukee, giving a series of brilliant views of mountain-scenery.

Beyond this interesting West Ossipee the train rapidly approaches Chocorua, and presently runs for a long disance on the shore of that pretty sheet of water, with curving sandy beaches, and a lone islet, whose platitudinous modern name of *Silver Lake* is hardly better than the homely old *Six-Mile Pond* which it supplanted. Certain it is that the grandest view of Chocorua is obtained from the eastern shore of this spacious lake.

Beyond Madison the line is elbowed off to the eastward by the gloomy and irredeemable foot-hills of Chocorua, until it crosses the Swift River, and enters the famous meadows of Conway, along which it finds an easy course up to North Conway.

THE BRIDGTON AND SACO-RIVER RAILROAD

Is a tidy route, with small but very comfortable cars, and a two-foot gauge, connecting with the picturesque Maine Central line at Bridgton Junction, and running sixteen miles north-east to Bridgton, North Bridgton, Harrison and Waterford. The route leads through a wild and rugged country, with frequent views of the mountains on either side, and of the clear waters of Barker Lake and Hancock Lake. It was opened in 1883.

CHAPTER IV.

NORTH CONWAY AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.—JACKSON FALLS.

NORTH CONWAY.

A village of a thousand or more inhabitants, four churches, an academy, and three or four broad and rural streets, hardly pleasing the visitor at first glance, and yet showing such groups and lines of hotels that it is manifest that thousands of tourists come hither every season,—such is North Conway in its material aspect. It stands on a terrace in the great alcove which the Saco Valley makes in the long mountain-wall, like some rather ugly piece of ware placed on the shelf of a *bric-a-brac* cabinet, and carefully preserved for the sake of its happy associations. Let us confess in the beginning, that the inhabitants lack metropolitan conveniences (except their valuable new water-works) and taxes, and that the sunniest summer days are far from chilly, and then let us add, that, nevertheless, no rural resort in New England has such devoted partisans and ardent admirers, no village in the mountain region has refreshed and renewed so many thousands of weary citizens.

Bethlehem has cooler air; Jefferson, grander views; the Fabyan plateau, wilder surroundings; and Newbury, fairer meadows; yet somehow the fascination which North Conway exerts surpasses that of any other, and is peculiar to this locality. For three-quarters of a century the tide of summer-travel has been swelling, until it requires two first-class railroads for its accommodation, and many hotels of various classes for harbors of repose. There are those who have visited this village every season for a quarter

of a century, and who return with contrition after each infidelity of a detour to Bethel, or Campton, or even Bethlehem. How can we better account for the peculiar charm of the place than in saying that there is in its landscapes more of *staying* power, more of the indelible, than is found elsewhere, and that scenes so lovely, remembered so faithfully, cannot lose their attraction?

What, then, are the elements of this landscape, at once so varied and so charming,—this panorama, whose mere memory draws thousands of visitors every year from distant cities of the Republic? *Imprimis,* then, a broad shelf, the former terrace of an ancient lake, perhaps, but now occupied by many-windowed hotels and great buildings of the genus which the Swiss happily call *pensions,* but which we grimly confuse with urban abominations, under the name of *boarding-houses;* shops, here and there, for the sale of country supplies and exotic luxuries; churches, including the usual little ultra-Gothic Episcopal chapel which appears at every conspicuous watering-place; and railroad-stations, one of which looks Byzantine enough for a Russian guard-house, or a dome of the Kremlin. This populous shelf projects from the sides of the Green Hills,—a range of shaggy and confused mountlets which run almost to the Maine borders, and show occasional bare crests, bearing queer rustic names, and accessible by Arcadian woodland paths. At their end, and proudly conspicuous from the village, is the tall dark pyramid of Mount Kiarsarge, towering very nobly into the blue sky, and forming an infinite variety of combinations with the clouds, the mist, and the lights of morning and of sunset. On the opposite side is that which was for many decades the distinctive charm of North Conway,—the broad, level, fertile meadow of the Saco, dotted with exquisite elms, and crossed by a waving band of groves, under which the bright Saco River dashes and ripples. In a few years more, when the Vandalic railroad embankments are covered with swaying grass up to the tracks, this beauty

ECHO LAKE AND WHITE HORSE LEDGE, NORTH CONWAY, N. H.

shall perchance return. Beyond the emerald plain rises the chief feature of the Conwegian landscape,—the long, massive, serrated ridge of Moat Mountain, which was burnt over in the year of he Crimean War, and still reflects the sunlight from vast bare ledges of reddish rock. Running from the glens of Bartlett to the Swift River, near Chocorua, this Titanic rampart enwalls the Conway vale like the mountains about the Happy Valley of Rasselas, or, as some one has said, like the sentry-ground of angelic guards, protecting the peaceful plains below. But Kiarsarge on one side, Moat on the other, grand as they are, are but the frame-work for a still more magnificent picture, where the northern sky is filled with the great peaks of the Presidential Range, mounting upward to the commanding crest of Mount Washington, and clothed upon with the idealizing beauty "of distance and of dream." Therewith infinite combinations may be formed, as they are seen through the arches of the Cathedral Woods, or over the blown grass of the intervales, or under the swaying elm-branches, or above the pebbly bed of the Saco or even beside the satin parasol of Miss Irene Macgillicuddy.

Another peculiar charm of North Conway is found in the great variety of excursions in the vicinity, whether by road, by railroad, or by the paths which thread the neighboring forests. All summer long merry parties are bowling over the roads to Fryeburg, Walker's Pond, Conway, Kiarsarge Village, Jackson, and Bartlett, professedly in search of lakes, ledges, and waterfalls, yet by no means forgetting social joys, of varying intensities. Nor do the livery horses have opportunity to forget the Ridge Road, the Dundee Road, or the famous Thorn-Hill drive,—excursions which reveal new combinations of mountains and glens. But the favorite drive leads across the intervals, to the singular cliffs at the foot of Moat Mountain, the White-Horse and Cathedral Ledges, and to Echo Lake. The famous White-Mountain Mineral Spring is a short drive to the southward, near ancient Conway and the huge Washington

Bowlder. The Kearsarge House is the chief hotel at North Conway proper, with others of equal charm, in the adjacent Kearsarge Village, and at Intervale.

They who "seek adventure in the salvage woode" may find many paths tempting their willing feet, from the half-hour's stroll to Artist's Falls,—that tiny forest-gem,—and the neighboring groves which shelter the granite-curbed waters of the Forest-Glen Mineral Spring, to the arduous journey to Province Pond, surrounded by leagues of unbroken wilderness. Down the odorous aisles of Cathedral Woods Doris and Phyllis ramble for hours, apparently in such seclusion as Eden once knew, yet so bounded by highways and railroads that they cannot lose themselves.

The mountain-climber may clamber—or even ride—up the ascending league of bridle-path which conducts to the nobly uplifted granite crown of Mount Kiarsarge and thence look out on a prospect which stirred the hearts of Starr King and Theodore Parker, and many thousand lesser men and women. The vale of Conway, the remote peaks of Carrigain, Moosilauke, and Lafayette, the ravine-torn Presidential Range, the lowlands of Maine, and the open sea by Portland, all come into the field of vision, with myriads of other recognizable points, peaks, villages, and lakes, diversifying the vast landscape.

Or if a wilder and more remote excursion is desired, there is a new path which leads from the beautiful water-scenery of Diana's Baths up to the crest of Moat Mountain, and from thence along the great ridge, giving sweet and charming prospects over the valley below and for many a league over the apparent levels of Western Maine. The highest peak is six and a half miles from the Kearsarge House, half of which is by carriage-road, and of the rest half is nearly level, and the remainder ascending. There is also a short and steep path leading from the further shore of Echo Lake to the crest of the White-Horse Ledge,—a unique excursion, and one as yet rarely taken.

Still another trip of this kind leads to the top of Middle Mountain, by a pleasant and well-marked path, one and three-fourths miles long, from the Artist's Falls House. Thence we may see the great northern peaks, the remote crest of Lafayette, Fryeburg village, and Sebago Lake, and the superb red spire of Chocorua.

How shall we pause to describe, at three lines to each, the beauties of Buttermilk Hollow, the sequestered glens of Sligo and Jericho, the favorite rambles on the intervales, the fascinating view from Sunset Hill—near the site of McMillan's ancient hostelry—the villas beyond the Cathedral Woods, the quiet beauty of the scenery about the great Intervale House, or the cool hill-tops of Kiarsarge Village, with their group of quiet boarding-houses? Southward the old stage-road runs, in five miles, to Conway,—the ancient Chatauque, or Chateaugay,—where the spacious Conway House attests the popular favor which has long attended this quiet and attractive hamlet. Northward the road traverses the Intervale suburb, really the most charming part of North Conway, and advances, in about four miles, to Lower Bartlett, where a group of summer-houses clusters about the western base of Mount Kearsarge. At Intervale Station, two miles above North Conway and directly upon the border of Cathedral Woods, is a group of the finest villas in the mountain-region, surrounding a colony of hotels. Here is the Intervale House, one of the largest and best appointed of White Mountain hostelries. Its environment holds delightful views over meadow and mountain.

Another advantage which North Conway justly claims is found in its accessibility from the great cities of the coast, and in the ease with which mountain-excursions in all direction may be made, by the aid of its railroads. There are but few points in the White Hills that may not be reached in a single day's trip from North Conway, by going up on the morning trains, and dining out, it may be at the Profile House, or on the top of Mount Washing-

ton, or at Jackson. Great numbers of tourists go through the Notch to the Crawford and Fabyan Houses, and return on the afternoon trains. So that North Conway, although geographically at one side, is made a central point in the White Hills by virtue of its perfect system of communications.

JACKSON FALLS.

About nine miles from North Conway, and less than four miles from the line of the Maine Central Railroad at Glen Station, is a beautiful and secluded glen, crossed by the Pinkham-Notch road and the sparkling Ellis River, and enwalled on all sides by dark-green mountains and rocky-faced peaks. Near its centre is a small cluster of farm-houses, three spacious boarding-houses, a country store, and a dignified little rural church. This hamlet dates back more than a hundred years, and bears the modest name of Jackson City. In summer-time, indeed, the title is not so far wrong, for then the population is largely augmented, and includes bishops, professors, bankers, and all the urban species, with even a larger representation of the ladies of those grades. There is excellent trout-fishing in the neighboring brooks, to beguile paterfamilias into the clothes-wrecking brook-side adventures of a truant schoolboy; and the edict of London against croquet has not yet been promulgated on these lawns. Between the two chief boarding-houses, the Ellis River flows rapidly; and from its embowered bridge, one may see the Jackson Falls, a few rods above, and a very pleasing spectacle in times of high water. Farther up the stream are many bits of rare landscape beauty, which are found out every season by the distinguished artists who visit and sketch in this vicinity. Down stream, about a mile and a half from the hamlet, are the Goodrich Falls, which were grand enough to repay a long journey, before the saw-mills impaired their beauty. The Winniweta Falls are about three miles from Jackson, and are sufficiently seldom visited.

JACKSON FALLS, JACKSON, N. H.

AUTOMOBILE ROUTES,

Of the entire Mountain and Lake regions of New Hampshire.

The favorite points of attack for the alpestrians who visit this lovely glen are the far-viewing Thorn Mountain, whose summit is reached by a farm-road two and a half miles long and a path half a mile long; the twin domes of Double-Head, about four miles distant on the Dundee road; the massive Iron Mountain, largely composed of iron-ore, and a little over three miles distant; and the vast terraces of Giant's Stairs, about five miles away, and on the main range. The drives lead to the Cook farm, the Fernald farm, Prospect farm, and other famous points which look into the ravines of Mount Washington; and from the head of the valley there is a good Appalachian path into the wild desolation and boulder-strewn chaos of the Carter Notch.

The scenery of the Ellis glen is sweet and pastoral, and the view of Moat Mountain from the village is famous for its delicate and ethereal beauty. The glen is seven hundred and fifty-nine feet above the sea, and is seldom chilly in summer. Every year sees a larger constituency of visitors at this ideal mountain-hamlet; and Jackson is rapidly attaining a deserved prominence among the favorite resorts of the White Hills.

Gray's Inn, recently erected on the site of the original hotel, beautifully situated, elegant in all its appointments, is Jackson's most imposing hotel structure. The beautiful Wentworth Hall, with its quaint Queen-Anne cottages, is presided over by Gen. M. C. Wentworth. Just across the rushing river is the famous old Jackson-Falls House (Trickey's), greatly renovated and enlarged in 1886. The other hotels are the handsome new Iron-Mountain House (Meserve's) and the Glen-Ellis House, together with several summer boarding-houses.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE-MOUNTAIN NOTCH.—THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD, FROM NORTH CONWAY TO FABYANS.—THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.—THE FABYAN HOUSE.—THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

FROM NORTH CONWAY THROUGH THE NOTCH.

In all Eastern America there is no other episode of railroad traveling comparable for grandeur with the famous route of the Maine Central line through the White-Mountain Notch. The Hoosac-Tunnel route through the Berkshire Hills, the Pennsylvania Railroad between Altoona and Cresson Springs, and the Baltimore and Ohio Line along the Cheat-River mountains, exhibit passages of great landscape beauty and grandeur; but neither of them can compare with the sustained and increasing interest of this route, whose conception was one of the most daring thoughts which ever entered the mind of man. The mountain-spirits smiled grimly at the bright little theodolites which were borne breathlessly up towards their fastnesses; but when the axe, the pick, and the powder-barrel followed, and vast lanes were opened through the forests and cliffs, and the steam-song shrilled along the ridges, the gnomes fled away, and allowed their ancient home to become a suburb of Portland. At any rate, the bears did, for they abandoned the Notch *en masse*, and lay down with (and outside of) the sheep of the more distant and less noisy townships.

As the train swings out from the North Conway station all is anticipation on the part of its passengers. Like the old, old story, the Notch ride will always bear repeating.

View on M. C. R. R., Crawford, Notch, N. H.

Those who have seen the display are as eager as strangers. It is a ride of twenty-seven miles, or not far from an hour and a half, up to the Crawford House; and the Duchess of Brookline and Lady Murray-Hill settle themselves in becoming attitudes, while the American sovereigns of the male line unfold fresh newspapers and take out their cigar-cases. The wiser travellers, those who have been forewarned by good guide-books, find seats on the right-hand side of the cars, and bide their time.

The processional through the Cathedral Woods is cadenced by the reverberations from the solemn depths of the forest; and the incense which rolls away among the groined arches of the pines is evolved from no Arabian spices, but from the black carbon of Pennsylvania. In a few minutes the pretty summer-hamlet at the Intervale is passed, and the wide green meadows open away on the left, overhung by tall cliffs, and garlanded with deep-toned groves. Ever and anon new peaks come into view, now the giants which tower over Jackson, and now the trackless and formidable ridges beyond Bartlett. The stream which flows by the track is the Ellis River, which since sunrise has descended from the snow-banks in Tuckerman's Ravine, and now is hurrying away toward Old Orchard Beach.

Glen Station is soon reached, with its platform bordered by Jackson stages, whose horses still retain vivid memories of Spruce Hill, and the long slopes of the Pinkham Notch. The lovely mountain-hamlet of Jackson is about three miles away, and the site of the once famous Glen House is twelve miles further, through the high Pinkham Notch. As the train rushes onward, the valley grows narrower and more wild, with the rounding dome of Iron Mountain rising on the right, and a glimpse of the vast treads of Giant's Stairs. On the other side are the ponderous mountain-ranges which enwall the glen of Albany, and are traversed only by bears and lumbermen.

Upper Bartlett is the next station, with just ahead the

narrow defile through which the train penetrates the mighty barrier of the mountains. Here the Waltonian disciples come, to pursue trout in Sawyer's River and the Saco, and in the numerous clear streamlets and forest-bound ponds which abound in the vicinity. This is also the strategic point from which attacks are made on the lonely Mount Carrigain, the great watch-tower of the wilderness, whose dark peak is visible from the station-platform, over the track ahead. The venerable writer of these lines went to the top of Carrigain, several years ago, at the cost of three days' marching through pathless woods, and three nights of sleeping under the stars; but now the climber can reach the foot of the mountain by a new railroad, and get to the top by an Appalachian path. So that Carrigain is no longer the Ultima Thule of our alpine clubs, and sharp eyes may find on the path hair-pins, as well as beer-bottles.

Beyond Upper Bartlett the laboring train soon begins to climb the ridges of Duck-Pond Mountain, wheeling from westward to northward, and unfolding new groups of highland peaks. After Sawyer's River is crossed, and the new lumber-railroad is thrown off, on the left, our line crosses Nancy's Brook, with its pretty cascades and flume, flowing down that solemn mountain which a learned Latinist of Harvard once christened *Mount Amoris-gelu*, "the Frost of Love." Nancy's story is familiar to all New-Englanders, from its manifold narrations, in every book in the literature of the hills, from the quaint old histories of Crawford and Willey, and the Ruskinian periods of Starr King, down to the most arid and venal of the Cadmian brood of paper-covered guide-books; yet we must tell it once more, for the benefit of the tourist from Ilfracombe or Kalamazoo. Well-nigh a century, then, has passed since poor Nancy was betrothed to a farmer of Jefferson, a base fellow indeed, who deserted her on the eve of their journey to be married, and hastened away towards Portsmouth. As night approached, a terrible

winter-storm set in; but the dauntless girl started after her runaway lover, hoping to find him encamped in the Notch. There was not even a road, and she struggled on in the darkness and the snow, fording the rushing streams, and bruised by the rocks, until at last the fiery heart was chilled into peace by the pitiless gale, and she sank down by the side of the brook, where her body was found not long afterward, encrusted with snow, and with her head resting on her staff. Devotion, betrayal, heroism, death—it needs but the pen of a Hawthorne or a Scott to make these lean outlines throb with bewitching life. The adulatory ink which treats of polite officials and gentlemanly landlords flows far too feebly to effect such transfigurations.

Now the train enters the Crawford Glen, by the many-gabel mansion where dwelt Dr. Bemis, whose earlier life was spent in Boston, and his later decades in this grand valley, which he owned and enjoyed until his death in 1882. Just beyond is the site of the ancient Mount-Crawford House, where Abel Crawford opened his forest-tavern, eighty years ago, and where he dwelt until he was eighty-five years old, the patriarch of the mountains, the hearty, happy pioneer of hundreds of Bonifaces of all moods. Not even Tyndall nor Whymper could describe this valley so delightfully as did old Timothy Dwight, the President of Yale College, nearly a hundred years since, in his quaint scholastic language: "Here the mountains assumed the form of an immense ampitheatre; elliptical in its figure; from twelve to fifteen miles in length; from two to four in breadth; and crowned with summits of vast height and amazing grandeur."

From this point lead the faint and almost-forgotten trails which ascend Mount Crawford and Mount Resolution, the vast peaks which tower on the farther side of the Glen, tempting the advance of the adventurous explorer.

From Bemis Station the train climbs upward on a grade of one foot in forty-six, rushing through wilder wilder-

nesses, and clinging to the sides of the great cliffs. The music of the Arethusa Falls may almost be heard, as its stream is crossed, a mile below; and then the lofty Frankenstein Cliff appears ahead. Just before the trestle is reached, the vigilant traveller who looks forward on the right will get one of the grandest possible views of Mount Washington, up the long valley of Dry River, with the great peak nobly and suitably enframed between its high southern spurs. This prospect has long been famed for its sublimity, and the only regret is that one cannot have more time to enjoy it. While running on to the trestle, the great cliffs above should be observed, and also the profound depths of the Saco Valley, sweeping away on the right. The deep Frankenstein Gulf is crossed on a wonderful trsetle of iron, five hundred feet long and eighty feet high, whereat all vigilant travellers must gaze, by craning out of the car-windows. Still the track rises, perceptibly, and the trees in the Saco Valley are so far below that their tops present the semblance of a green carpet. Across this vast bowl are famous mountains,—Crawford, with its pointed reddish peak; the Giant's Stairs, showing forth their etymology; Mount Willey, a very noble needle of rock, rising sharply from the woods; and many another picturesque summit. As the train crosses the Brook Kedron, a charming little picture of forest and mountain-stream is presented, contrasting with the broader scenes beyond. Presently the green carpet of the valley is broken by the white Willey House, far below, and the true Notch is entered, with Mount Willard's purple cliffs in front, and the avalanche-torn sides of Mount Webster on the right. It must be remembered that the track is not straight, but winds in and out around the sides of the ridges, giving prospective and retrospective views in rapid succession, and with continual change. The Willey-Brook Bridge is one of the marvels of this route, and spans a gorge far deeper and wider than even the Frankenstein Gulf. The frowning ledges of Mount Willard are now rounded, with

FRANKENSTEIN TRESTLE, M. C. R. R., CRAWFORD NOTCH, N. H.

the dark crevice of the Devil's Den overhead; and on the right opens a view of the great valley towards the Willey House, resembling in kind (although less extensive) the famous prospect from Mount Willard's summit. Below, in the valley, the dark still waters of the Dismal Pool are seen, surrounded with huge rocks and dense thickets. Narrower and narrower grows the valley, and its floor seems ascending to meet the track, until at last the Gate of the Notch is reached, and the Great Cut, where the railroad splits into the mountain, just beyond the glittering splendors of the Flume and Silver Cascades, and the train emerges upon the plateau by the Crawford House.

The train runs swiftly from the Crawford House to the Fabyan House, a distance of four miles, on a down grade of eighty feet to the mile, following a tributary of the Ammonoosuc. There are several impressive views of the White Mountains from the latter part of this ride, the tall gray peaks rising high over the intermediate and pathless forests.

Between Crawfords and Fabyans is the new Bretton Woods station, whence carriages from the Mt. Pleasant and the Mount Washington hotels convey travellers to those famous hostelries.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

There is no other public house so near the Notch as the Crawford House. This is a good hotel of the first class, 1,900 feet above the sea, with broad and almost interminable piazzas, cool and airy halls, post-office, telegraph-office, garage, livery-stable, bowling-alley, electrics; environs which the landscape-gardener has just approved; and a dining-room where even Epicurus or Uncle Sam Ward need not complain.

Near the front of the house is the pretty little Saco Lake, the cradle of the Saco River, and so far widened and deepened by art as to give a reason for being for the boats which float on its crystal tide. The rugged forest

between the lake and the overhanging mountain has been combed and brushed and perfumed, and otherwise adorned for a summer pleasaunce, so that it has won the happily suggestive name of Idlewild.

Mount Willard is the chief feature of this neighborhood, and, although a little mountain, only 670 feet higher than the hotel, has won the enthusiastic praises of three such varying types of men as Bayard Taylor, Starr King, and Anthony Trollope. You may ride to its top, on an excellent carriage-road, and look from the edge of the purple cliffs down into the vast concavity of the Notch, filled with unbroken forests curving in graceful lines to the river, and terminated by the sharp spire of Chocorua. In the other direction is Mount Washington, in the centre of the Presidential Peaks. Probably Trollope was not far wrong, when he said that nothing in all the classic Rhineland equalled the view from this summit, down the Notch.

People who like flumes can be highly gratified on Mount Willard, for it sustains the Butterwort Flume (which I don't know much about) and the Hitchcock Flume, easily reached by a path leaving the road a quarter of a mile below the summit. It is a remarkable canon betwixt walls of rock, 350 feet long, thirty to sixty feet deep, and in some places not more than six feet wide.

Looking southward from the Crawford, one sees the Gate of the Notch, with the adjacent slopes of Mounts Clinton and Willard falling away toward it like magnified ramparts, and cut off with sharp precision so that there might be space for the infant river to pass through. The Tenth New-Hampshire Turnpike and the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad were later thoughts, and had to carve their own ways. On the eastern side is the great rock of Elephant's Head, from whose top such a pleasing view is gained, howbeit the way hither is a path only ten minutes long from the hotel.

Beecher's Cascades commemorate the Brooklyn Boanerges, who was very quickly and unceremoniously im-

mersed in one of their basins, by an unlucky slip on its margin. Half a mile leads to their head, crossing the railroad alongside the hotel, and soon reaching the dainty little stream, along whose embowered banks a good path ascends, favored with rustic seats here and there, and leading past a brilliant rosary of sparkling falls and deep pools, with strangely worn ledges and cliffs, until the top of the last rocky mass is reached, and on it a seat from which a line of distant mountains appears, through the long umbrageous vista. On the opposite side of the hotel—*umbilicus montium et acquarum*—are Gibbs's Falls, distant a few minutes of brisk walking, where one of the brooks from the Presidential Range tumbles whitely over a ledge about as high as thirty feet may indicate.

In an idle hour, it may profit one to saunter down through the Gate of the Notch, and endeavor to find the profiles with which it is alleged that the adjacent rocks are alive. These allegations at least demonstrate that mountaineers are possessed of fecund imaginations. A little way beyond, descending the famous old Tenth Turnpike, and the Flume Cascade appears, flashing over the ledges on the left and then compressed into a narrow rocky flume at the bridge. A quarter of a mile further down is the Silver Cascade, which descends a thousand feet in a single mile of advance, now covering the steep ledges with a delicate white veil, like Cluny lace, and now forming direct and narrow falls, like marble pillars. Beautiful as this scene is after heavy rains, at other seasons it mainly serves to demonstrate the essentialness of water to a successful cascade. Some miles below, and far secluded in the tangled forest on the west of the railroad, are the splendid phenomena of the Ripley Falls and the Arethusa Falls, the former reached by a good path leading from Avalanche Station, and falling 108 feet, over high and imposing cliffs—while the Arethusa Falls are 176 feet high, and form one of the most magnificent decorations of the hill-country, but are so environed with pathless sav-

agery that they are visited but rarely. In this direction, also, and near the little flag-station at Moore's Brook, is the path which leads upward for three miles, to the lonely crest of Mount Willey, the watch-tower of the Pemigewasset wilderness.

The Willey House site is three miles from the Crawford House, down the Notch road. The historic Willey House with its later additions was swept from the White Mountain landscape by fire during the winter of 1899. It was one of the show points of the region and its memory is closely allied to the Crawford Notch. The older house was the favorite tavern in this region ninety years ago, where the sturdy Coös farmers used to rest, on their way to Portsmouth. Late in August, 1826, occurred a terrible mountain-storm, when the solid clouds themselves broke like water-spouts against the hills, and hurled vast areas of field and forest into the glens below. Such an avalanche roared downward towards the Willey House, but was averted from it by a huge rock, which caused the rushing slide to open right and left around the house, and join below it. Providence had thus well arranged; but the free will of Mr. Samuel Willey moved him to flee from the house, before the slide began, together with his wife and five children, and two servants. They were caught in the track of the avalanche, in the frightful darkness of a stormy night, and not a soul escaped to tell the story. The mangled bodies of six of the victims were found by searching parties, but three of the children were never recovered.

THE BRIDLE-PATH UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.

This grand old route starts right into the woods at the Crawford House, and directly begins to climb the main range. For a good pedestrian no better line of attack on Mount Washington can be taken, and it can be accomplished in a short day, the distance being under ten miles. Care should be taken lest fogs confuse and cause wander-

THE "MOUNT WASHINGTON"

ing, for several travellers have been fatally lost from this path under such circumstances. About three miles from the Crawford, the path reaches the top of Mount Clinton, and thereafter it lies along the crest-line of the range, above the limit of trees, and with superb views on every side and ahead. Clinton is 4,320 feet high; and it is nearly two miles thence to the top of the splendid dark dome of Mount Pleasant, 4,764 feet high, covered with several acres of grass and alpine flowers, and commanding an almost limitless view. Somewhat less than a mile farther, where the path curves around the profound chasm of Oakes's Gulf, is the top of Mount Franklin, 4,904 feet high; and then the trail traverses the thin edge of the narrow ridge between Oakes's Gulf and the Ammonoosuc Valley, with magnificent mountain-architecture on all sides, and approaches the very picturesque rocky peaks of Mount Monroe, 5,384 feet high, and resembling some vast ruined castle, with crumbling towers, and a deep gateway. Descending towards Mount Washington, the Lakes of the Clouds are soon passed, and the barren plain of Boott's Spur sweeps away on the right, towards Tuckerman's Ravine. The great cone of Washington now fills the advance, and sharp and breathless is the climb which leads to its crown.

THE NEW MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE.

Between the Crawford House and the Fabyan House, and on the same Ammonoosuc Plain, stands the "new" Mount Pleasant. The same panoramic view of the lofty Presidential Range noticed at Fabyans expands before the broad verandas of the Mount Pleasant, though nearer and intensified; so near that the ascending and descending trains on the Mount Washington Railway are distinctly visible. The house is but a half-mile from Fabyans, connected by a plank walk and carriage road, if one chooses, or by trains between Fabyans and the summit of Mount Washington which pass before the doors.

THE MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Still nearer the mountains themselves and some three-fourths mile from the Mount Pleasant stands the largest and grandest house in the whole White Mountain region. The Mount Washington, completed for the season of 1902. It is a modern village in its own establishment, standing amid glorious mountain scenery on virgin soil and maintained in the largest degree of excellence.

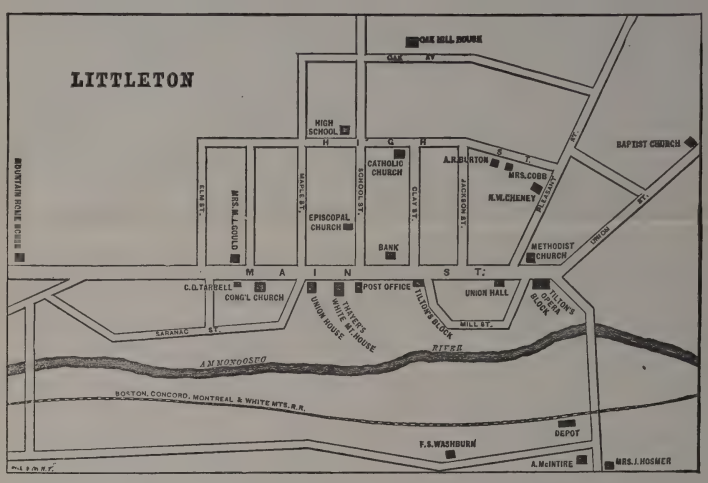
BRETTON WOODS.

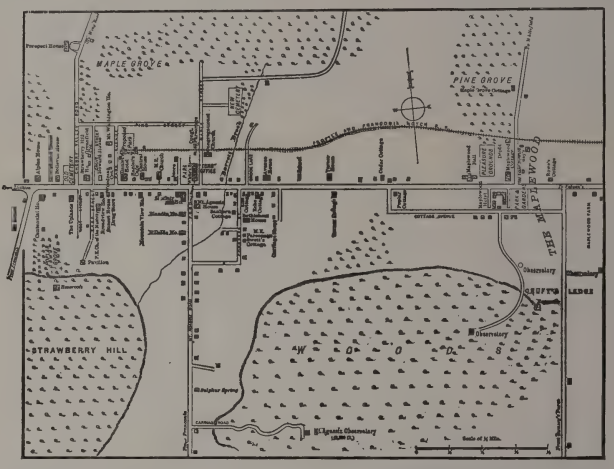
A new station on the Maine Central Railroad, about 1,000 feet south of the New Mount Pleasant House, called Bretton Woods, is the point of arrival and departure for all guests of The Mount Pleasant and The Mount Washington. Carriages ply between the hotels and the Bretton Woods station, connecting with all trains.

THE FABYAN HOUSE.

About four miles north of the Crawford House, on the plain of the Ammonoosuc, stands the spacious building of the Fabyan House, the focal point of travel on the west side of the mountains. Five hundred guests can be accommodated at once in this great Dover Cliff of a caravansary; with the varied charms of the garage, livery-stable, news-stand, billiard-hall, bowling alley, and post-office, to say nothing of a parlor covering 3,500 square feet, and a dining-room with an area of nearly 6,000 square feet. The external architecture of the house is of the simplest order; but the rooms within are high-studded and airy, and the halls are wide and commodious. The Fabyan is 1,571 feet above the sea, and affords a refuge against hay-fever, that new recreation of the professional and leisurely classes.

Near at hand stands the old White-Mountain House, which dates back nearly seventy years, to the mythic epoch of the Rosebrooks. Let us allow the ancient hostelry to recall those bygone days, when old Eleazer Rosebrook





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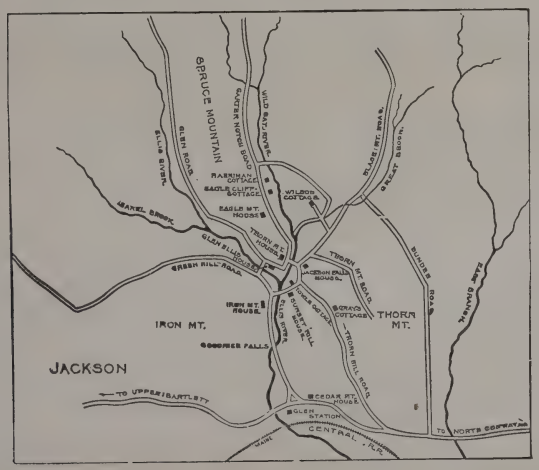
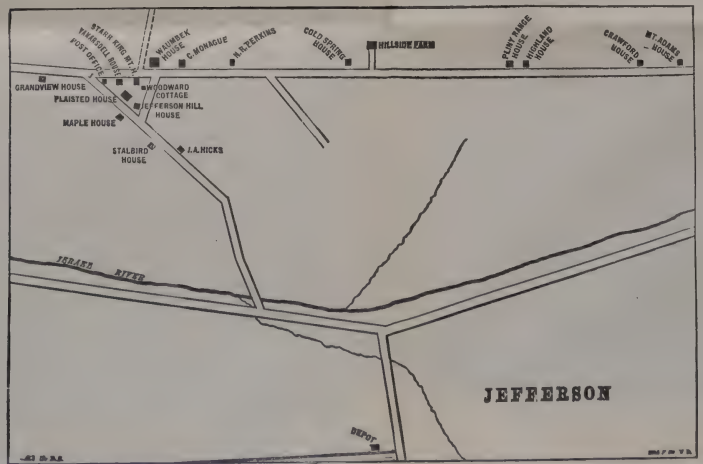




came up here from Massachusetts, in 1792, and implanted tree-destroying civilization in this lonely glen. Then there was a huge mound here, called the Giant's Grave (which the builders of the Fabyan House laboriously shovelled away); and Ethan Allen Crawford, Rosebrook's grandson, the paramount hunter and mountain-guide, opened a hotel by its base, as early as 1803, and sheltered the scattering tourists who came hitherward during the olympiads of Madison and Monroe. Three hotels were burned in succession, on this site; and the mountaineers spread a tradition of a disembodied red-skinned Cassandra, who waved a torch on the Giant's Grave at night, crying: "No pale-face shall take deep root here; this the Great Spirit whispered in my ear." Nevertheless the Fabyan has stood for many years, and has not yet yielded to that mysterious dispensation which causes our summer-hotels to burn up just after their last guests have departed, in the autumn.

Near the front of the hotel is the Fabyan Cottage, where winter-travellers find refuge when Coös County is a mimic Switzerland; and a little farther toward the mountains is the marble monument which covers the tall frame of Ethan Allen Crawford. The Ammonoosuc Falls, about a league out on the road to Mount Washington, rush foaming and plunging in billowy masses over and between ledges of polished granite, and the Lower Ammonoosuc Falls, flow through a miniature Watkins Glen beside the canyon-road.

But all these things—nor even the railroad junction close by—are not enough to account for such a great hotel in so lonely a place. Behold then the true reason—the *casus adificandi* if you will, or perchance, even, the *raison d'être* —in that grand panoramic line of mountains to the eastward, where Mount Clay supports from the north the vast gray mass of Mount Washington (son of the iron age, see the climbing mountain-railway, and the white hotel on the crest!); while the southern peaks of the Presidential Range stretch away to the right in stately line,

ending with the sharp downward slope of Mount Webster, at the Notch. The air-line distance to these heights is from five to seven miles, across the pathless forests which fill the great plateau of the Ammonoosuc.

Let us not forbear to say that at this hotel is a railroad junction, with tracks leading south to the Crawford House, in 4 miles, and North Conway, in 29 miles; west to the Twin-Mountain House, in 5 miles, Bethlehem Junction, 10 miles, the new Profile House, 19½ miles, and Littleton, 21 miles; and east to the summit of Mount Washington, in 9 miles.

THE TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

This is one of the neatest and cosiest of the great mountain-hotels, with a far-famed *cuisine*, and an altitude which is valuable as above the hay-fever line. The views therefrom are certainly not inspiring, and the surroundings lack the interest which attaches to so many other localities in this region; but pleasant drives may be enjoyed in several directions, and many distinguished people may be seen on the hotel-verandas. This house, with its guests, and the miscellaneous thousands brought hither on Sunday excursion trains, for several years constituted the summer-parish of Henry Ward Beecher, who expounded broad-church Congregationalism and Christian liberality to all who could assemble in the great tent adjoining. The railroad-station is across the river from the hotel, 5 miles from the Fabyan House and 14½ miles from the New Profile House.

The Twin Mountains lie to the south, across the Ammonoosuc glen, and only one of them is visible, that being the North Twin, behind which the great range stretches away for nearly eight miles, nearly midway between the Franconia Mountains and the Field-Willey range. The South Twin is succeeded by Mounts Bond and Guyot, on the same tall ridge, the height of the peaks being from 4,700 to 5,000 feet. They are not ascended once in ten

years, being remote from roads, and girdled by belts of almost impassable dwarf-spruce. Mount Hale (which the hotel-people will tell you is "the other Twin") is finely seen from the Twin-Mountain House, and heads the Little-River Mountains on the north, commemorating, in its name, Edward Everett Hale, who was a famous mountain-explorer before the *isms* and the *olatries* claimed all his attention.

CHAPTER VI.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.—THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.—THE SUMMIT.—THE VIEW.—MOUNTS CLAY, JEFFERSON, ADAMS, AND MADISON.

THE MOUNT-WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

A six-mile branch of the Boston and Maine railroad leads from the Fabyan House to the base of Mount Washington, by high grades up the Ammonoosuc Valley. There it connects with the mountain-railway, which ascends to the summit in about 3 miles, with an average grade of 1,300 feet to the mile, and a maximum grade of 1,980 feet to the mile, or one in three. The ascent is made in 1½ hour. The locomotives are queer-looking pieces of machinery, chunky and ungainly, but of enormous power; and perform their duty by pushing the cars from below, or by retarding their descent from the same relative position. The complicated brakes are supplemented by a central rail, fitted with cogs, and played into by cog-wheels on the locomotive, by which the train slowly ratchets itself up the steep slopes. So perfect are the safeguards, that no fatal accident has ever taken place on these trains.

Sylvester Marsh of Littleton invented this wonderful piece of mechanism, and in 1858 received a charter for the road, accompanied with much merry banter from the New-Hampshire legislators. In 1866 the track was commenced, and three years later it was successfully finished. The time-table begins in the latter part of June, when the Summit House is also opened.

At Ammonoosuc station at the base of Mt. Washington the quaint little train starts sharply upward, on a grade of

Base Station, Mt. Washington

one foot in three, through a wide lane which has been cleared through the woods. The second stop above this point is at Waumbek Junction, where the engine takes water from a tank near the point where the old Jefferson and Fabyan bridle-paths met. The foliage is growing smaller and thinner, and finally ceases to obscure the view, which includes vast and continually increasing areas of New Hampshire and Vermont.

Jacob's Ladder is a long and massive trestle, over which the train ascends slowly on its most formidable grade, 1,980 feet to the mile, and at times 30 feet above the rocks. Here the tree-line is passed, and the area of sub-alpine vegetation begins. Marvellous prospects open on all sides, and the rocky humps of Mount Clay draw near, at the head of the ravine called the Gulf of Mexico, and with the mysterious depths of the Great Gulf opening on its further side towards the site of the once famous Glen House. The air grows colder and colder, and the August of the valleys becomes November on the heights. In every direction nothing is seen but gray and frost-splintered rocks, with dull mosses and hardy alpine flowers. In the last mile of track, from the Gulf Tank to the Summit House, there is but 800 feet of rise; and soon after passing Lizzie Bourne's monument the train reaches a level line on the summit of Mount Washington.

THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT WASHINGTON.

There are higher peaks in the Carolinas and beyond the great praries, but no mountain in America has filled so large a space in the popular vision as Mount Washington, —the culminating point of New-England soil, the monarch of the Northern Appalachians. Its temperature and botany are those of Middle Greenland; and the varying phenomena of frost-work, opening and closing clouds, sunrise and sunset, shadows and storms, afford great resources for a college of meteorology, and much interest even to the unscientific person who does not know an

anemometer from a megatherium. That monumental work, the *Geology of New Hampshire,* says also that this is to the botanist the most interesting locality east of the Mississippi; and great store of tiny plants, with poly-syllabic and Alexandrine names, are found along the slopes. All the upper part of the mountain consists of ragged and angular fragments of mica-slate, broken by frost and pitted by storms, verifying its description given over 200 years ago in Josselyn's *New England Rarities Discovered:* "To outward appearance a rude heap of massive stones, and you may as you ascend step from one stone to another, as if you were going up a pair of stairs."

Mount Washington is 6,293 feet high, or more than one and one-fifth mile above the sea-level, an altitude which renders heavy overcoats and shawls necessary even in August. Previous to the disastrous conflagration of June 18, 1908, that destroyed all except the old stone Tip Top House, there was quite a hamlet on its summit, which was visited by over ten thousand people annually. The largest building was the Summit House, a long three-story structure of wood, solidly bound down to the ledges, and adequate to the accommodation of 150 guests. Two stories, steam-heated, were for sleeping-chambers; the lowest story contained parlors, a large dining-room, telegraph and post offices, a *bric-a-brac* shop, the clerk's throne, and, in the centre of the office, a large stove, which usually drew within its permanent influence most of the visitors to the summit. The old Tip Top House, a massive and low-browed stone building, was in the rear, and also the sanctum of the daily local paper, *Among the Clouds.* The engine-house and turn-table of the railway were also near the hotel. A plank-walk led from the Summit House to the unused observatory of the United-States Signal Service, a tight little wooden house about 36 feet long, on the south edge of the summit, and commanding one of the very best of the views. Here a picket-post of signal-corps men remained throughout several years, enduring the rigors of winter and the curious tourists of summer with equal patience, and telegraphing to Washing-

JACOB'S LADDER, MT. WASHINGTON R. R.

THE FABYAN HOUSE AND PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

ton the approach of storms and the indications of the heavens. Sargent Jewell, who perished at Cape Sabine, a member of the ill-fated Greeley Expedition, was for some seasons a member of the signal corps stationed on Mount Washington.

The New Summit House, completed in August, 1915, with entrance directly from the Mt. Washington Cog-Railway Station platform, is a two-story structure (see photo, page 88) containing on the first floor, office, dining room accommodating 80 guests, lounging room with spacious fireplace, waiting room and souvenir stand. The second floor is entirely devoted to sleeping accommodations for guests, with ample lavatories and bath-rooms.

During 1916, the old Tip Top House was destroyed by fire, leaving only the stone walls. Upon these was completed a new old Tip Top House with an enclosed stone passage way to the New Summit House, a protection from high winds and severe storms at the Summit. In 1632 a valiant Irishman named Darby Field penetrated the wilderness from Portsmouth, guided by two Indians, and after many days' march, gained the summit of Mount Washington, and carried back a delightful account of his adventures, which stimulated the colonists to make several other visits, soon afterwards. In 1784, the Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, and six other gentlemen visited the summit, and it probably received its name then. In 1821, Crawford built a stone cabin here; and in 1840 the first horse climbed up. The Summit House dated from 1852 (removed in 1884). In 1870-71 Prof. Huntington and three companions passed the winter on the summit, which has since been occupied throughout the year.

The view-line from Mount Washington has a circumference of nearly a thousand miles, including points in five States and in Canada. The clearest days are during the prevalence of west or north-west winds, after heavy rainstorms.

Looking westward down the Ammonoosuc Valley, over the white Fabyan House and Bethlehem, see the Green

Mountains of Vermont; and still farther away, beyond the great Champlain Valley, are several of the remote Adirondack peaks. Farther north are Littleton, Jefferson, and Lancaster, the Connecticut River, the Green Mountains running into Canada, and the near summits of Clay and Jefferson, with the Pilot Hills and white Percy Peaks, and the vast undulating wilderness of northern New Hampshire beyond. Mount Adams is the gray crest so near, on the north, with Madison alongside it, and over them the Androscoggin Valley, and remote peaks along the national frontier. Lake Umbagog, Aziscoös, Goose Eye, Blue, and many another famous mount of Maine, rise over the Gorham valley; and the site of the Glen House shows dimly at the foot of the long Moriah-Carter range. Then the view passes down the Ellis glens to the graceful Kiarsarge, over North Conway and the Saco intervals, with Lake Sebago and the hotel on Mount Pleasant on its left, and the ocean off Portland. Further to the right Old Orchard Beach has been seen, and the Isles of Shoals The two rocky peaks of Moat Mountain are on the right of the Saco meadows, and under Silver Lake and Ossipee Lake, with the splendid spire of Chocorua on the right, and the blue mass of the Ossipee Range, alongside which flash the waters of Lake Winnepesaukee. To the right of the round dome of Passaconaway and the high cleft peak of Whiteface are the two Uncanoonucs, near Manchester, and Wachuset, in central Massachusetts; and still more to the right are the faint blue disk of Monadnock and the pyramid of Kearsarge. This view is best gained from the signal station, whence one may look down on the Lakes of the Clouds, and the lower peaks of the Presidential Range, extending to the Notch, with black Carrigain and high Osceola on their left, and sharp Willey and Vermont's blue Ascutney on the right. A little way further are the glorious serrated ridges of the Franconia Range, the hotel-crowned Moosilauke, and the Killington Peaks, near Rutland, nearly over the Ammonoosuc Valley again.

Crawford Notch, N. H., from Elephants' Head

LAKE AMMONOOSUC, CRAWFORD NOTCH, N. H.

THE FOUR NORTHERN PEAKS.

Mount Clay adjoins Mount Washington, and is 5,553 feet high, forming the head-wall of the Great Gulf. There are three well-defined and finely-stratified hummocks or low rocky knolls on the ridge, steep-sided, and separated by sedgy hollows. These are the famous "humps of Clay," which may easily be visited in a half-day, from the summit of Mount Washington.

Mount Jefferson is north of Clay, and is 5,714 feet high, with two neighboring peaks, and long spurs making out to the west. One of these is the Castellated Ridge, whose precipitous rock-piles, crested with turret-like ledges and crumbling rocky towers, have the semblance of venerable ruins of the feudal ages.

Mount Adams is 5,794 feet high, or only about 500 feet lower than Washington itself; while as to shape and symmetry it yields precedence to none. The peak resembles a clear-cut pyramid, rising freely from a rocky ridge, and flanked by minor masses of rock. For the mountaineer it has a peculiar fascination, on account of its height, its form, its seclusion, and its magnificent views. The crest is composed of a heap of fragments of frost-broken rock. The best way to ascend this mountain is from Randolph, where Lowe's path leads upward in four miles.

Mount Madison is 5,365 feet high, and is the great dominator of the Androscoggin Valley, from which it appears in the most beautiful forms and colors. It is indeed a very graceful and symmetrical mountain, and would claim high admiration but for the close vicinity of its greater brethren. The crest consists of a narrow ridge of weather-beaten rock 50 to 75 feet long, in the sub-alpine district, and braced by long flanking ridges which descend to the deep valleys adjacent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GLEN.—THE MOUNT-WASHINGTON CARRIAGE-ROAD.—THE WATERFALLS AND RAVINES NEAR THE GLEN HOUSE SITE.

THE MOUNT-WASHINGTON CARRIAGE-ROAD.

Starting out from the Glen House site across the meadows of the Peabody, the adventurous climber soon enters the dark and luxuriant woods which clothe the heavy eastern shoulder of the mountain, and so fares upward along the firm white road for nearly four miles, while the trees gradually dwindle until they become hardly more than shrubbery, and at last disappear altogether, leaving the mountain above the Half-Way House, four miles up, almost entirely bare, except for the dead white trees which cover considerable areas, and bear the name of buck's-horns, or bleached bones. A little way above is the Ledge, or the Cape of Good Hope, where the road suddenly doubles on itself, ever rising at a high grade, and revealing one of the most awe-inspiring views of the profound and shadowy depths of the Great Gulf, almost under foot, with the splendid peaks of Jefferson, Adams, and Madison looming high above, across the chasm. Downward, to the east, is the long green wall of the Carter Range, at whose base is a rectangular dot, in which the Glen House formerly sat. The prospect continually varies, as higher levels are gained, and as the road turns from side to side, and faces now the south, and the Saco-Conway region, now the east, and the rising peaks and silvery lakes of Western Maine, and now the north, with dainty bits of distant landscape, plaided meadows and white villages, framed between the great dark peaks so near at

hand. The grandeur of mountain architecture is more evident from this route than from the railroad, as the firm white highway ascends by the five great spurs to the eastward, looking down into the dark ravines, and out along the little Labrador of the Alpine Garden. On one side or the other, the topographical map of Northern New England is continually outspread, basking in the vivid sunshine, or dappled with deep cloud-shadows. At last the panting horses, or the weary pedestrian, who has become all knees and lungs, clamber up the final high grade, and reach the top of the last cone,—the crest of Mount Washington.

The valleys toward the Androscoggin first meet the view, as the slow ascent is made; and when higher grades come, the Saco Valley and its tributary plains of Western Maine are unrolled like a vast map. When the ridge of Mount Clay is overlooked, from the upper reaches of the road, the Ammonoosuc Valley appears, on the west, opening away towards the distant Connecticut River, and girt with rolling highlands.

THE ROUND THE MOUNTAIN TRIP.

Each season at present this profitable and pleasant journey is made possible by the placing in commission of the Mount Washington stages, under the supervision of the Fabyan House management. The route is by rail to the bast of Mount Washington, the cog-railway to the summit, thence by stage down the mountain to the old Glen House site and via the Pinkham Notch route and Jackson Village to Glen station on the Maine Central Railroad, where trains may be taken for the Fabyan House again, or to Portland and Boston.

THE CRYSTAL CASCADE.

The lover of Nature will find it profitable to go down the North-Conway road for three miles, and then diverge to the right, by a convenient guide board, for a half-hour's

stroll up a woodland path, among grand old trees, mossy rocks, and the sights and sounds that were once heard "eastward in Eden," to the Crystal Cascade, the first-born daughter of Mount Washington, where the stream which flows out of Tuckerman's Ravine falls over a cliff of dark slate, 80 feet high, gracefully and merrily, filling the woods with the voice of its going. There is a little rustic bridge below, whereby one crosses to the right bank, and gains a vantage-ground of opposing cliff from which the whole sweep of the fall is charmingly visible.

THE GLEN-ELLIS FALLS

are about a mile beyond the Crystal Cascade, where another friendly guide-board indicates the divergence of a path to the left. These are the most beautiful and impressive falls in the State, and have been ardently admired by poets and painters and the rank and file of humanity for over half a century. The name *Glen Ellis* has much prettiness; but the ancient name, *Pitcher Falls,* was closely descriptive, and might well have been retained. It is thus that the water is gathered—the delicious frosty water from the Snow Arch—as if by the contracting edges of a great rocky pitcher, over which it pours in a solid and compressed column, 70 feet high, or twice the height of the Senate Hall at Washington. The grooves in the side of the cliff give a singular spiral twist to the water, and slightily deflect it from a direct downward course. Above are lapsing rapids; below, a deep dark pool gathering the white column of light, and wreathed with prismatic mists; overhead are the rugged slopes of Mount Wild-Cat; and all around are the forest-arches. So much for the details of mensurations, with which a volume of this kind must be content, leaving the soul of the scene, the Arethusa spirit, to be interpreted by Shelley

and Coleridge, Bryant and Lowell, or the spark of poetic fire which lingers in every heart.

TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE.

Cutting deep into the elephantine mass of Mount Washington, on its south-east side, and so marked a feature as to be visible even in Portland, on a clear day, is this vast gorge, which bears the name of one of the most honored early explorers of the White Mountains. The abrupt promontory of the Lion's Head, projecting from the Alpine Garden, enwalls one side; and the rocky plateau of Booth's Spur forms the other wall; while at the head is a line of formidable cliffs, from which descends the so-called Fall of a Thousand Streams. In the floor of this vast natural cathedral, paved with shattered rocks and perfumed by dwindling shrubbery, are the two dark and silent Hermit Lakes; and the chancel is fitly furnished with the glittering tracery of the Snow Arch, from which flow waters purer than those of the Sacramental Lake. Here the snows of winter accumulate to a depth of hundreds of feet, compacting into ice, and eaten away by the stream beneath until there is formed a deep cavern, whose sides and roof are of crystalline beauty. Although it vanishes by late August, this is a true glacier, showing (in small) all the phenomena of the *Mer de Glace*, the moraines, and the scratings on the bed-rock.

There is a sort of path from the Crystal Cascade into the ravine, but the best route is by a newly-cleared bridle-path which leaves the Mount-Washington carriage-road about two miles up, and enters by Hermit Lake. One may traverse the ravine, and ascend its head-wall, and reach the top of Mount Washington, in from five to seven hours from the Glen House site. But the best way to enjoy and comprehend the scene is to pass the night

in the Appalachian camp near Hermit Lake, with good store of blankets and a roaring fire. Then the sunset, the gloaming, the solemn starlight, even the red glare of the camp-fire and the swift sunrise, add infinite charms to the varying hours. Solitude, a scene of strangeness, a feeling of amazing other-world-ness, fill the soul; and the shop, the study, the boudoir, seem removed by infinite æons and impassable spaces. Do not take merry men in there to encamp under those majestic clics. Rabelais should not intrude in the Homeric realm.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VILLAGES OF THE WESTERN VALLEYS.—BETHLEHEM.—FRANCONIA.—SUGAR HILL.—LITTLETON.—WHITEFIELD AND DALTON.—JEFFERSON HILL.—LANCASTER.

BETHLEHEM.

On a broad terrace near the summit of the mountain-range which is bounded by the Ammonoosuc and Gale-River Valleys, facing the cool north and the wide strath which opens into the Connecticut Valley, and so on half-way to Canada, for the St. Lawrence winds to pass through, stands Bethlehem of Coös, which is now one of the foremost summer-resorts of America. There are several villages in the Carolinas which are higher above the sea, but they are lower towards the equator, and also more closely environed by highlands, so that Bethlehem's urgent claims for superior coolness based on altitude may still hold good. The hay-fever unfortunates also find here a safe refuge, and convene their national assemblies on these heights without fear of stertorous sneezings, save when, on rare occasions, the south winds blow through Franconia Notch. The view of the Presidential Range from its long tree bordered street is one of the best imaginable, being at the true artistic point of distance, and showing forth magnificent effects under the light of morning and evening. One may reach Bethlehem very quickly and comfortably from Fabyans by the trains of the Boston & Maine Railroad via Bethlehem Junction. This railroad takes one directly to Maplewood and Bethlehem; the sta-

tions are in the vicinity of the chief hotels; also to the new Profile House, but as Kipling says: "That's another story," for the line to the Profile diverges before reaching Bethlehem.

The *material* of Bethlehem consists of two great summer hotels, a score of smaller hotels and boarding-houses; churches for the local Congregationalists and Methodists and the exotic Episcopalians; three miles of plank sidewalks; the remarkable pipes and hydrants of the Crystal Springs Water Works; the park on Strawberry Hill; and the office of the chatty summer paper, the *White Mountain Echo*. The Sinclair House is the oldest of the two large hotels, and stands at the divergence of the Franconia road, with spacious accommodations and countless American adjuncts of luxury. The Maplewood is about half a league distant, and as far also from Bethlehem Junction, isolated near the edge of the terrace, and commanding a noble view of the distant White Mountains. This is a very sumptuous Boston institution, with a massive granite casino costing forty-five thousand dollars, the finest building of its kind in New Hampshire, handsome cottages, observatories, halls, and other choice and palatial accessories, and ranks among the foremost of the great mountain hotels.

The village is 1,450 feet above the sea, and is undeniably the coolest place in New Hampshire, off the mountain-tops. There are many pleasant drives in the vicinity, especially those which lead over the crest of the ridge and open the view of the great Franconia Mountains, just across a narrow wooded valley, and forming one of the most glorious prospects in the whole region. The favorite way to enjoy this view is by the drive called, with August-refreshing poetry, *Around the Heater*. The Gale-River road leads through a picturesque wilderness, by a virgin stream; the Cherry-Valley road is a shady and circuitous lane, through pleasant woodland scenes; the Kimball-Hill observatory looks over all the vast western landscape, from the Adirondacks to the clear peak of

View East from Strawberry Hill, Bethlehem, N. H.

Steel Tower, Summit of Mt. Agassiz, Bethlehem, N. H.

Mount Washington; and the rambles on Strawberry-Hill and Cruft's Ledge are rich in their revelations of sylvan beauty and far-away mountains. One may also drive through Franconia to Sugar Hill; or over Wallace Hill to Littleton; or by decaying old Dalton to Lancaster. Or he may climb to the near summit of Mount Cleveland, or take carriage to summit of Mount Agassiz and from its new iron tower get a panoramic view of countless shadowy mountains and deep-cut glens.

Professor Agassiz discovered moraines in the vicinity, but they are harmless; and the views which Dwight discovered and Starr King praised are still the chief and sufficient attraction of this hill-town, plus a temperature of May carried over into August.

FRANCONIA.

At the bottom of the profound glen which sinks away to the north-west of Mount Lafayette, is this pretty little hamlet, whose arctic winters have become proverbial throughout the land of John Stark and William E. Chandler. About the time that the First Napoleon was at the summit of his glory, iron-works were founded here; but they have long been cold and abandoned, and Franconia's best title to fame is its very remarkable view of the dark Franconia Mountains, which shut out the light from one side of the glen with drop-curtains more magnificent than even a New-York manager ever dreamed of. It cannot be denied that there are trout in the adjacent brooks; and that there are pleasant drives in all directions—Bethlehem, Littleton, Profile House, Sugar Hill—needs not to be stated. Nearly 300 urban idlers may be found here, on any August Sunday, comfortably and inexpensively quartered in the neat boarding-houses which stand by the roadside. The Forest-Hills House, first opened in 1883, is a spacious first-class hotel, in an eligible locality, and with much architectural beauty.

SUGAR HILL.

There is a bold ridge between Lisbon and Franconia, crossed by several roads, and lifting its crest of pasture and woodland nearly two thousand feet above the sea, from which a view may be obtained of the White and Franconia Mountains *en famille,* which is, in the opinion of the writer of these solemn pages, at once more grand and more beautiful than any other prospect in New Hampshire. Not more than ten years ago there was a small hamlet on the west slope, commanding the long line of the Green Mountains of Vermont; and on the east slope a few farm-houses, where occasional groups of summer-tourists abode. Now there are three large hotels, the Franconia Inn, Sunset-Hill, and Look-Off Houses, on the ridge, connected by stages with kakonymous Littleton, and endowed with all the luxuries of Victorian age. The hill, like the Sierra Navada or the Himalayas, is named for its chief product, whose derivation is found in the groves of sugar-maples on the summit. On one side appear the ascending terraces of Moosilauke; and on the other are the long slopes of Mount Washington, with the trains crawling up and down; but the chief feature of the scene is the superb Franconia group, seen from foundation to turret, just beyond the deep trench of the valley of—alas!—Ham Branch. In spring and autumn the great cruciform ravine in Mount Lafayette is filled with snow, and the peak becomes as true a Mountain of the Holy Cross as any that lures tourists and artists to distant Colorado.

The measured distance from Sugar Hill to Franconia is about 2½ miles; the estimated distance from Franconia to the hill is nearly 13 miles. The people at the hill drive to the Franconia Notch, or Bethlehem, or Littleton; or explore the artificial caverns of Ore Hill, or the gold-mines at Lisbon, or the copper-mines of Mount Gardner; or visit the newly-found flume and the Bridal-Veil Fall, on the

tangled slopes of Mount Kinsman. Or, better still, they stay on the verandas, and *look*.

LITTLETON.

A bright little village, stretching along the Ammonoosuc, and slowly climbing the hills to the north, with the usual variety of quaint country stores, the usual group of small wooden churches, and the usual bank and weekly newspaper,—so Littleton appears to the casual visitor, who, if his turn of mind is practical, will see also a line of small factories along the rushing stream. It is indeed the most prosperous village in Northern New Hampshire, and might have been one of its great summer-capitals, if the pioneers of the last century had not changed its name of Chiswick to the name which it now bears. It is impossible for romantic or æsthetic emotions to be aroused by the word *Littleton*, which comes very near to being the culmination of the common-place. But little do the busy citizens care for mellifluous titles. They are too prosperous to netd the help of the summer-boarder; and too vigorously Democratic to pander to exotic sentiment.

There are beautiful prospects from the hills in this vicinity; and from the Oak-Hill House and the Chiswick Inn, above the village, the vast panoroma of mountains includes the Presidential peaks and the Franconia Range, in a single *coup d'oeil*. The drives over the adjacent ridges, either towards the Franconia Notch, or to the Connecticut River (which bounds the town for thirteen miles), reveal other and varying prospects, full of beauty and interest. If any one doubts it, let him (or even her) drive to Mount Eustis, or Gilmanton Hill, or Mann's Hill, all within two miles, and verify the statement. So, in spite of its name and its enterprise, Littleton is yearly becoming more and more a favorite point with scenery-hunters. Near the centre of the village is that famous old inn, Thayer's White-Mountain Hotel, whose Sunday dinners are famous in all northern New England.

WHITEFIELD AND DALTON.

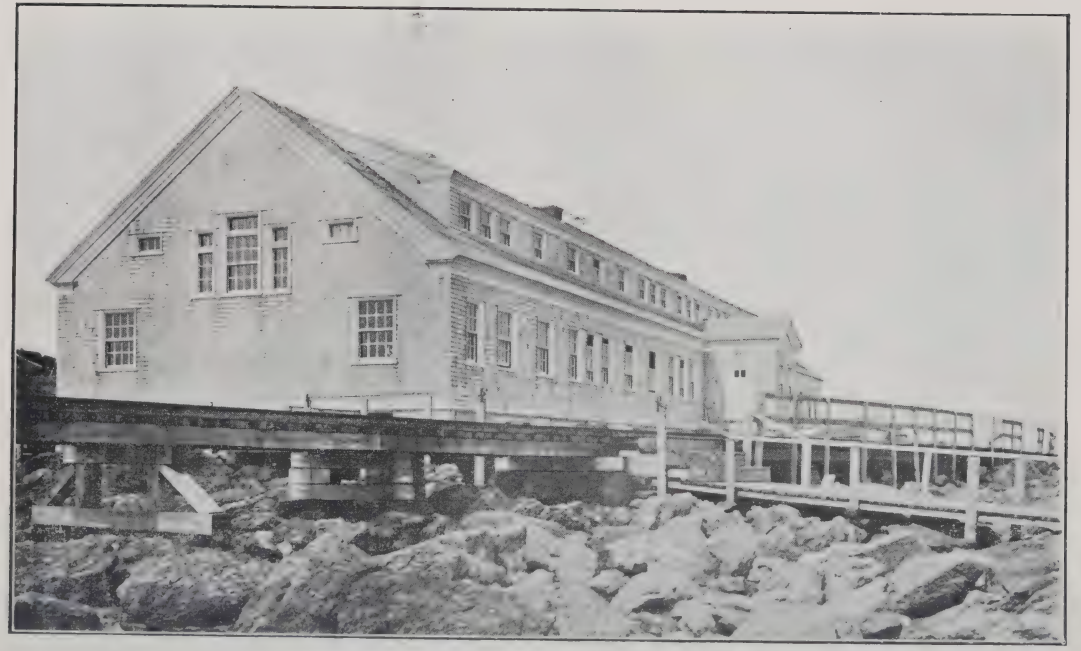
Whitefield is the place where millions of feet of logs are buried in the pond every year, to be resurrected in the form of shapely boards and symmetrical shingles. On the plateau above the great steam-mills and their tenements is the pretty village, with its central common and wooden churches. About four miles out, on the rim of a long slope which descends toward the main range, are the Mountain-View House and the Cherry-Mountain House, isolated and quiet, and commanding views of great beauty and interest. Bray Hill is a gentle eminence about 2½ miles distant, which has for many years been famous for the grand prospect from its crest: and Kimball Hill, crowned by a tall observatory, is even superior as a view-point, since its horizon is much broader and more diversified.

Whitefield is at the junction of the Boston & Maine and Maine Central Railroads, both of which run to Jefferson. Dalton is an obscure and sequestered hamlet to the westward, behind Dalton Mountain, near the head of the Fifteen-Mile Falls on the Connecticut River; and its only interest to urban ramblers is in the great mansion of the Sumner family, once a sort of feudal castle of this glen, later sparsely occupied as a summer hotel, and now abandoned.

JEFFERSON HILL.

As a place for rural homes and farms, Jefferson was discovered and occupied by Col. Joseph Whipple, in 1772; and when the Canadian Indians attacked the village, a few years latter, he rallied his sturdy tenantry, and beat off the invaders with good lusty blows. As a summer-home, the place was discovered about eight years later, by Starr King, whose glowing descriptions drew another swarm of invaders hither, to remain, during the dog-star's ascendency, as willing captives and tributaries. Several hotels have been erected, at favorable points; and a railroad has

SUMMIT HOUSE, MT. WASHINGTON, N. H., Destroyed by fire JUNE 18, 1908.



THE NEW SUMMIT HOUSE, COMPLETED AUGUST 1915

been extended from Whitefield to a station within two miles of the new village. Its height above the sea is 1,437 feet, or within 20 feet of the altitude of Bethlehem, so that the hay-fever sufferers cannot suffer here.

Jefferson Hill is at the point where the Cherry-Mountain road strikes the Gorham-Lancaster road, high up on the slope of Mount Starr King, at the edge of the mountain-forests, and looking down on the fair Jefferson meadows. The ample reason for its being is found in the immense landscape of mountains, to the last degree bold and picturesque, which is outspread before it, across and up the valley of Israel's River. The wooded ridges of Cherry-Mountain and the Dartmouth-Deception Range crowd the foreground, flanked on the left by the Presidential group, Madison, with its long slopes toward Gorham; Adams, deeply indented by King's Ravine; Jefferson, nobly conspicuous and sharply trenched; and Washington, crested by a white hotel and barred by a curving railroad. On the right of Cherry are the clear, sharp peaks of the Franconia Range, Garfield, the inaccessible, with its dark pyramidal spire; Lincoln, a lower summit; and Lafayette, firmly drawn against the sky, serrated, gray, and very stately. The best authority has proclaimed this altogether the point from which to obtain the grandest view of the White Mountains; and subsequent visitors, experts in æsthetics, have ratified the verdict, with enthusiasm, although certain local attachments still prefer the prospects from the Conway roads, or from Jackson, or Bethlehem (let us leave Sugar Hill exempt from the comparison). Varying combinations of these noble scenic elements may be formed by driving out on the North Road, the Whitefield road, or the renowned Cherry-Mountain road. The last-named leaves the Ammonoosuc Valley, near Fabayan's, crosses Cherry Mountain, and at Jefferson deflects to the eastward, and runs out to Gorham, which is 17 miles from Jefferson. No other road in New England offers such noble views of mountain-scenery, or so highly sustains

the interest of the route. It is the Presidential Range which is under vision, not masked by foot-hills and long spurs, as on the east side, but abrupt, precipitous, alpine, with a few deep and abysmal ravines, separated by steep and frowning ridges, and with distinct and localized peaks.

Five miles out from Jefferson is the Mount-Adams House, occupying the best view-point on the road, near Boy Mountain and the Cold-Stream Falls, and under the shadows of the huge peaks of Adams and Jefferson, which are within five miles in an air-line, and stand out with great vigor and fascinating power. One needs the Latin superlatives to adequately describe the scene. Several exciting excursions may be made on this side, and C. E. Lowe of Randolph is the best guide. He has made a new path up Mount Adams, from a point about 3½ miles beyond the Mount-Adams House, traversing the woods by a trail 2½ miles long, and then clambering over the ledges, above the tree-line, for 1½ miles more. Branch-paths lead to Mount Madison and Mount Jefferson, and through the appalling chasm of King's Ravine. This system of paths and camps was built under the supervision of the Appalachian-Mountain Club, by which it is kept in order.

Mount Starr King is a peak of the Pilot Range, 3,800 feet high, rising over the village of Jefferson, and accessible by a path 2½ miles long. The journey should be made by mid-afternoon, in order to see the great ravines of Adams and Jefferson filled with light; and the magnitude of the view in all directions will richly repay the labor of the ascent.

Cherry Mountain is a long and forest-covered ridge between Israel's River and the Ammonoosuc, 3,670 feet high.

The *Stanley Slide* occurred July 10, 1885, when an avalanche of earth, rocks, and trees descended the Owl's-Head peak of Cherry Mountain, making a two-mile track of devastation, wrecking Oscar Stanley's house at the base, killing several cattle, and mortally wounding Donald Walker, one of the farm-hands. The vast scar of this slide

is plainly visible from Jefferson, and is visited daily by scores of people.

LANCASTER.

The largest village near the White Mountains, and one of the most beautiful, is Lancaster, the capital of Coös County, with its 3,000 inhabitants, numerous churches, 2 newspapers, public library, academy, and graded schools. The Connecticut River flows near, and is bordered by broad and highly productive intervales, which form a beautiful feature of the scenery of the valley, besides augmenting the revenues of the pleasant Lancastrians. Here, also, flows Israel's River, which descends from the Ravine of the Castles, under Mount Jefferson, and crosses the plains of Jefferson. In former times Lancaster was a popular summer-resort, but the rapid growth of independent local interests, the liberal advertising of other mountain villages, and the destruction of the great Lancaster Hotel had detracted materially from its success until in 1883 the new Lancaster House, a large and handsome Queen-Anne hotel, was opened, on the site of the old Lancaster Hotel, Starr King's favorite resort, when the beautiful little Coös capital speedily regained its ancient prestige as a summer-resort. Other hotels have been built, also one on the top of Mount Prospect, which is reached by a fine road, and commands a view of great interest and extent.

The chief feature of the landscape is the Pilot Mountains, a far-reaching and wall-like line of highlands, rising abruptly from the meadows of Lost Nation and New France, serrated with many porphyritic peaks, and still awaiting an intelligent explorer. The most impressive sight from the village is this great rolling rampart, which plays fantastic tricks with the sunshine and shadow, and towards sunset assumes the tenderest tints of deep

amethyst. The Presidential Range is also visible, far away up the Israel's-River Valley, dreamy and picture-like in its soft blue veil of air, and filling the senses with lanquid satisfaction. Lunenberg Heights, eight miles away in Vermont, and nearly 1,700 feet above the sea, is the favorite objective point for drives, and overlooks all the western valleys and the highlands which environ and compress them. Two miles or so from Lancaster, on the Whitefield road, is Mount Prospect, with a fine new road to the hotel on the summit, and views over all upper Coös and through the mountain regions from the white Percy Peaks, by the entire Presidential line and the jagged Franconia Range, down to remote blue Moosilauke.

Lancaster is on both the Boston & Maine and the Maine Central railroads, 8½ hours distant from Boston, via Portland, North Conway or Fabyans, and near a connection with the Grand Trunk Railway at Grooveton Junction (B. & M.), or North Stratford (M. C. R. R.)

THE UPPER COOS COUNTY.

Above Jefferson and Lancaster the Maine Central line, extended from Fabyans in 1890, follows the Connecticut River through North Stratford and Colebrook, 108 miles toward and but 119 miles from the city of Quebec, connecting at Dudswell Junction with the Quebec Central Railway, and running through cars between the ancient city and White Mountain points.

By its extensions from Fabyans, one of twenty miles toward Lunenburg in Vermont, opening western connections to Niagara and Chicago, completed in 1889, and the second toward Quebec, the Maine Central has added the Connecticut Valley to the already long list of White

Mountain attractions, the rails following the windings of that mighty river.

"Fresh from the rock and welling by the trees,
Rushing to meet and dare the breast of the sea,
Fair, noble, glorious river! in thy wave
The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave."

crossing and recrossing from the New Hampshire to the Vermont shore several times as if in play—if anything so fanciful may be attributed to a railroad.

Lost now is the unfamiliar foreign sound which has ever clung about the names of Colebrook, Dixville Notch and the Magalloway. Reached by an American railroad, without the fuss and feathers attendant upon numerous changes of cars, they are won into the great family of White Mountain resorts albeit some distance away, though, says the poet:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

Colebrook is a thriving and beautiful village, dominated by Mount Monadnock; which overlooks the town from the Vermont shore. Nearly every visitor to Colebrook makes a point of climbing Monadnock, whose summit can be reached in a climb of three miles from the village streets. There are numerous other points of interest, and ponds and streams affording fine fishing, and many delighttul drives, making Colebrook a desirable place in which to spend the summer months.

From Colebrook to Errol, where connection is made with steamers through the Rangeley Lakes in Maine, is a stage ride of twenty-one miles, ten miles to and eleven miles beyond the Dixville Notch. An excellent carriage road extends the entire distance. Stages leave Colebrook by seven in the morning, delivering the passengers at the Balsams in the Notch, then pursuing the way over Clear Stream Meadows to Errol Dam on the Androscoggin River, where a steamboat connects to ascend the river six

miles to its exit from red Umbagog; cross the latter lake four miles, and by buckboard and steamer reach the Middle Dam Camps at six in the evening after one of the most wildly beautiful trips possible in this region of wonderful scenery. Or, instead of crossing Umbagog, ascend the Magalloway River from its junction with the Androscoggin, steamers running to Berlin Mills station, 16 miles away.

The Magalloway is hardly more than a hundred feet wide, and winds fantastically through forest aisles of verdant green or past natural meadows dotted with royal elms. Inflowing streams join hands from haunts of deer and wild fowl, while forest sights and woodland sounds charm the dreamy senses. Buckboard, steamer, and portage path lead from Berlin Mills House to Parmacheenee Lake, solitary among the far north woods, where many sportsmen spend weeks of every season surrounded by every charm of nature and with every possibility for sport. On a romantic island near the head of the lake stands Camp Caribou, home of the happy. Should the visitor to Umbagog or Parmacheenee wish to return another route, he has the Farmington-Phillips rail line, reached by steamers traversing the most populous pathway through the Rangeley Lakes, and making the exit at Farmington, Maine, from which point express trains reach Boston in 6 hours, or again by the Maine Central route from Oquossoc to Portland, via Rumford Falls.

This round the circle route, or the ride from Colebrook to the lakes, leads through the Dixville Notch, a triumph of the grand and curious in nature to which chapters might be devoted. Its characteristics are thoroughly Alpine. To be sure there is not the vastness of Switzerland here, for the Notch is only three miles in extent, but all the lements of an Alpine section are represented .

On each side of the glorious gorge are crags and spires of most curious formation, some standing out naked and gigantic from the desolate inclines, others showing but

their scraggy heads above the evergreens which hide all else of their ugly nakedness. The confusion of rocks is more dire and dreadful to behold than a glacier, and looks as though it must last forever.

The Balsams, situated at the approach to the Notch, assures one of comfort, and red-letter days might be passed amid the quiet and interesting seclusion of this haven of rest.

Diamond Pond, well-known to sportsmen, is reached by stage from Colebrook, a distance of 10 miles, and from West Stewartstown, a station 8 miles above Colebrook, stages convey many sportsmen to the four Connecticut lakes. These lakes are noted mainly for their elevation (the highest is 2,551 feet above the sea); their beauty, the graceful contour of their shores, the symmetry of their projecting points, the stately growth of their primeval forests, having elicited much praise, as have also the hunting and fishing possibilities of the region. The first lake, a dozen miles at most from the Maine Central station, has a small steamboat and a summer hotel. Its shores inclose perhaps three square miles. Second, third, and fourth lakes occur in regular order, the farthest close to the St. Lawrence watershed and the Canadian border.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW PROFILE HOUSE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—THE FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.—MOUNT LAFAYETTE.—THE FLUME HOUSE.

THE FRANCONIA MOUNTAINS.

In the town of Franconia are the three chief peaks of a very picturesque group of mountains, which extends several miles to the southward. west-south-west of the White Mountains, and separated from the Presidential Range by two chains of ponderous peaks. Although less lofty than the other mountains, they excel in the alpine character of their sharp points and slender spires; while their unbroken robes of green forest give them an air of quiet beauty which compensates for the absence of the desolate and gloomy grandeaur of their eastern brethren.

As a rule the traveler hears all the mountains of Northern New Hampshire named under the one general title, the White Mountains. No doubt they are all closely allied, being offshoots from that great Appalachian chain which border the Continent upon the Atlantic side. Yet the Franconians are as distinct a group by themselves as are the Adirondacks or the Catskills, albeit they do not have the broad waters of a Lake Champlain or a Lake George between them. The same railroad systems that render travel to and through the White Mountains so comfortable and expeditious, connect the villages and towns which lie among the Franconias. Those towns and villages partake of the same mountain characteristics, spruced up for and expectant of the summer guest. On the border land between the two mountain chains lie two of the most popular mountain resorts, Bethlehem and Maplewood.

View South from Bald Mt., Franconia Notch, White Mountains

The New Profile House and Cottages, White Mountains

Jefferson is off to the right but a short distance, while nestled in its own picturesque glen lies that which until recently has been the largest hostelry of its kind in the whole mountain region.

THE NEW PROFILE HOUSE.

This beautiful new hotel built during the season of 1906 stands amid its own select group of twenty private cottages, in a narrow glen near the head of that famous pass, the Franconia Notch. It is the Capital of the entire surrounding region and gives shelter to rising 500 guests. Its patronage is of the highest order of excellence. The Profile House has long been noted as one of the leading summer resorts of New England as it certainly is one of the most beautiful in situation. The cliff-enwalled basin in which this wilderness-palace stands is 1,974 feet above the sea.

In the year 1879 a railroad was built from the main line of the now Boston & Maine Railroad at Bethlehem Junction, running through nealy ten miles of forests and finding its terminus near the Profile House, from which, however, it is happily concealed by a screen of groves. By this route, the Franconia Notch is made very accessible to the outer world, while its manifold beauties have been judiciously saved from blemish. To the southward, the stages still roll away down the Notch to the terminus of the new Pemigewasset-Valley Railroad, ten miles from the Profile and five miles from the Flume. The new Profile House is and must remain the great centre for all excursions in this lovely Franconian region, whose manifold and diversified attractions are so worthy of observation. For half a century there has been a hotel of great excellence in this renowned site, and during the years 1905-06, it was entirely rebuilt on the most modern lines, and was opened in June, 1906, to a greater popularity than ever.

ECHO LAKE.

Nearly every large mountain-hotel has its museum of natural curiosities, in the adjacent glens; but that of the new Profile House is fairly rivalled by but few others. From the veranda of the house, the view falls upon Eagle Cliff, a precipitous foot-hill of Mount Lafayette, 1,472 feet above the road, and furnishing a colossal screen upon which the clouds and the sunlight form magic pictures. Under its iron-bound walls is the lovely Echo Lake, one of the daintiest imaginable bits of water-scenery, with a flotilla of white row-boats wherein summer-idlers float hroughout the dreamy days. The little cannon which from time to time is fired on the shore resembles that piece of South-Carolinian artillery which threw the first shot against Fort Sumter's walls, in the terrible reverberations and threatening crashes which are thrown back to it from all points of the compass. Just beyond the lake is the low and rocky pile of Bald Mountain, easily accessible, and commanding a dividend-paying view of the Notch, and the Franconia Valley to the north.

THE PROFILE.

The Profile is perhaps the cardinal wonder of the New Hampshire highlands, and has won worship from ancient tribes of Indians, transcendental fancies from Nathaniel Hawthorne, and astonishment from myriads of travellers. The old geographies used to portray it, in company with the Leaning Tower of Pisa and the gigantic natives of Patagonia; and the railroad circulars still use the same venerable cut. Probably there is not finer or more impressive phenomenon of the kind in the world. Twelve hundred feet above the base of Mount Cannon are three ledges of granite, about 90 feet high, whereof one forms the forehead, another the nose and upper lip, and the third the heavy chin, of a vast human profile, facing the southeast, and clearly relieved against the sky. Recent investigations by skillful climbers have shown that these ledges

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, NEAR PROFILE HOUSE
FRANCONIA NOTCH, N. H.

The

New Profile House

and Cottages

White Mountains

Season, June 30th - Sept. 25th

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Unexcelled in location and clientele.

Here the best only can be obtained.

An estate containing six thousand acres extending for nine miles through Franconia Notch

Associated with the Ideal Tour--most convenient for automobile parties, and largely patronized by them. Train service (day and night) between New York, Boston and eastern cities, N. Y., N. H. & H. and B. & M. R. R.

PROFILE & FLUME HOTELS COMPANY

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THE FLUME HOUSE

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

Near the FAMOUS FLUME in FRANCONIA NOTCH. On the IDEAL TOUR--STATE HIGHWAY--25 miles north from Plymouth. Meals a la Carte is a distinctive new feature. A telephone in advance insures food carefully prepared and ready upon arrival, or reservation of rooms. AMERICAN PLAN for permanent guests if desired

Open from June 1st to October 15th, to accomodate early and late motorists.

S. H. BIGELOW, Manager.

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Affiliated City House, The Hotel Vendome, Boston

are still firm and strong, and likely to endure. A few minutes' walk south of the Profile House, a guide-board by the roadside tells the passer-by to look up; and there, high over the quiet lake, is the Great Stone Face, less preternaturally huge than the pictures indicate, but not less amazing in its silent grandeur. Walk northward a few feet, and the grim and determined features relax into the similitude of a toothless old woman; while from certain points on higher ground it appears like the face of some amiable village Hampden. The beautiful crystalline tarn at the foot of the mountain is Profile Lake, where a little navy of dainty boats is kept, to wage war on the trout from the hatching-houses above, or to give Paul and Virginia a chance to insulate themselves in the embowered coves towards the outlet of the Pemigewasset-Merrimac.

Lonesome Lake is on a shoulder of Mount Cannon, a thousand feet above the road, with a bridle-path leading up from a point about two miles below the new Profile House. On its remote shores, amid the great forests, a picturesque *châlet* has been erected by the owners of the lake and its environs.

Walker's Falls are on the left of the road, about three miles from the Profile House, and are visited by a forest-path leading first to a series of step-like plunges, then to a fall of 50 feet, and then another fall of 60 feet. Above this succession of cascades the stream may be seen, flowing out of the White-Cross Ravine.

Mount Cannon rises directly over the Profile House to a height of 1,876 feet, or 3,850 feet above the sea, and is ascended by a path two miles long, leading also to the Cannon Rock, a granite ledge which looks like a heavy gun when seen from below. The chief features of the view are the splendid peaks of Mount Lafayette, just across the Franconia Notch, and the wide expanse of the Pemigewasset Valley, running below distant Plymouth, and full of rare beauty and richness.

MOUNT LAFAYETTE.

The tallest and most conspicuous of the Franconia Mountains is 5,259 feet high, with a remarkable sharp, clear-cut, and thin crest-ridge, nearly a mile and a half long, and serrated with several keen peaks of rock. On one side is the deep and unvisited ravine of the Franconia Branch, and on the other are the inaccessible semi-glaciers of the White-Cross Ravine and the forests of the Franconia Notch. The slopes fall away from the narrow crest-like (furrowed by a deep path worn by animals) almost precipitously, into hollows of amazing depths. Lafayette is one of the most symmetrical and attractive of the New Hampshire peaks, and has doubtless aroused in many minds similar emotions to those which President Dwight expresses with such droll solemnity: It "removes all doubts in my mind concerning the practibility of uniting the most exquisite beauty with the most exquisite sublimity." The mountain received its name at the time of the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette to America, about the year 1825.

The path used to be practicable for saddle-horses, many of which ascended during each season. Such accommodations are no longer furnished, and the ascent must be made on foot, with comfortable slowness. It is well to start early. The path enters the woods close to the Profile House, and in a mile of climbing reaches the notch between the mountain and Eagle-Cliff spur. One and a quarter miles farther leads to the plateau of the western spur, covered with impenetrable copses, and upholding the lofty tarns of the Eagle Lakes. A mile and a half of climbing over the sloping ledges of the main peak ensues, with fascinating views on all sides; and then the summit is reached, 3¾ miles from the Profile House. The ruins of an old stone house are found here; and there is a clear spring not far below.

Looking to the north-east and east, beyond the adjacent cone of Mt. Garfield, one sees the great Twin Range, over

which appear the various peaks of the Presidential Range (Mount Washington with its hotel and railroad) and the Mount-Willey group. More to the right, far away, are the sharp peak of Kiarsarge and the long dark wall of Mount Pleasant (in Maine), each crowned by a hotel. Across the wilderness of Pemigewasset appear the vast Mount Carrigain and the far-reaching Mount Hancock, the white spire of Chocorua, the sierra of Tripyramid, and the dark pinnacles of Osceola and Tecumseh. To the right of the Lafayette ridge appears the fair Pemigewasset Valley, with Kearsarge and Manadnock far beyond, and Moosilauke, over the Warren mountains. Across the Franconia Notch are the vast bulwarks of Kinsman and Cannon, with the quiet waters of Lonesome Lake. To the right of Cannon are the very distant peaks of Camel's Hump, Mansfield and Jay, in the Green Mountains, with the houses of Franconia and Littleton in the foreground, and the sharp cleft of the Willoughby Notch far away on the horizon, and Owl's Head, in Lower Canada. Farther around are the white bubbles of the Percy Peaks, the Pilot Hills, the heights of Bethelehem, and the bright village of Jefferson Hill. It is a magnificent view, one of the six finest in the entire mountain region.

THE FLUME HOUSE.

A little more than five miles from the Profile House, and 543 feet below it, down the Franconia Notch, is the Flume House, with room for a hundred and fifty guests. On one side the Arcadian scenery of the Pemigewasset Valley stretches away in a vista full ten leagues long; and in front are the forest-clad peaks of the Franconia Range, forming the profile called Washington Lying in State. The beautiful contrast between these two views, the rich peace of the lowland strath, and the sublimity of the closely environing mountains, gives a continual charm and refreshment to the sojourn here. The Pool is reached by a path a little over half a mile long, through the woods,

and is a broadening of the young Pemigewasset River, a hundred feet wide, surrounded by black cliffs of great height, which the water enters by a cascade and leaves in rapids. For many years a quaint old aquatic Diogenes lived here, in a rude boat, imposing tribute on all who were content to be amused by his cosmogonic speculations.

The Basin is another Pemigewasset by-play, near the roadside, a mile and a half up the Notch, where the pellucid waters of the juvenile Merrimac are gathered in a huge granite bowl, fifteen feet deep and sixty feet around, and whirl around in a green-hued Maelstrom, impelled by a white cascade from above. Just below is the mouth of the Cascade Brook, which Mr. Prime calls the finest brook in America for scenery and small trout, and up whose course, nearly a mile, by a labyrinthe so-called path, are the brilliant Tunnel Falls, with a rarely-visited but very attractive Island Falls a half-mile higher up, and three miles below Lonesome Lake.

The Georgianna Falls are reached from a point about a mile south of the hotel, by a difficult path nearly two miles long. Here the outlet of Bog Pond falls heavily over a cliff 80 feet high, filling the defiles of Mount Pemigewasset with its music, but rarely seen or heard, except by the birds and the deer.

Mount Pemigewasset is over the Flume House, and may be climbed, by means of a steep bridle-path, 1½ mile long, leading through the forest to the verge of the summit-cliffs. The view includes two notable scenes; the smiling valley of the Pemigewasset, hemmed in by Mountains and lit up by the flashing stream; and the neighboring Franconia peaks, so near as to be visible from base to crest, and indented by the shadowy White-Cross Ravine.

THE FLUME.

The greatest wonder at the southern gateway of the Franconia Notch is the deep and narrow canon which has been eaten by a mountain-brook in the coarse granite

THE FLUME, FRANCONIA NOTCH, N. H.
Boulder dislodged June 20, 1883

VIEW SOUTH FROM ARTISTS' BLUFF, FRANCONIA NOTCH, N. H.

ledges near the base of Mount Flume. This famous locality is less than a mile from the Flume House, and a carriage-road runs almost to its entrance. Thence ascending over broad inclines of granite, over whose shining slope the water slips in thin crystal sheets, the gate of the Flume is soon reached. The canon is in fact a trench 700 feet long and from 10 to 20 feet wide, between parallel perpendicular cliffs fully 60 feet high. At the bottom a merry little brook dashes down among the rocky fragments, skirted and often crossed by an easy plank walk. Between the narrowing walls in the upper part of the Flume, a huge boulder was held for centuries gripped tightly by the opposing cliffs, midway between the rim and floor of the chasm. This huge rock was swept away in June, 1883, when a tremendous avalanche, caused by rains on the peaks above, rushed downward through the Flume, lengthening and deepening the chasm, and adding two new waterfalls to its attractions. The walk leads up to the head of the Flume, whence adventurous souls and vigorous bodies (of the Appalachian-Club species) have ascended to the summit of Mount Liberty.

The Franconia Notch is reached on the south by the Pemigewasset-Valley Railroad (opened in 1883), which leaves the Boston & Maine Railroad at Plymouth and runs northward across Campton and other valley towns to a point in North Woodstock, five miles below the Flume House. Near its terminus, in the year 1887, was opened the large and comfortable Deer-Park Hotel.

CHAPTER X.

PLYMOUTH.—CAMPTON AND WATERVILLE.—THE PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY.—MOOSILAUKE.

PLYMOUTH.

The chief summer resort on the south-west side of the mountains in Plymouth, the beautiful and prosperous academic village near the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Baker's River, captial of Grafton County, withal, and famous commercially for its manufacture of buckskin gloves. It boasts of lovely and productive meadows, dotted with the most graceful elm-trees; and the mountain born Pemigewasset rushes merrily along the edge of the terrace on which the village is built. There are three churches here, the State Normal School, and more than a thousand inhabitants. In 1712 the Indian town on this site, chief place of all Northern New Hampshire, was destroyed by Massachusetts rangers, with many of its people, and after fifty years of raids by both combatants through the valley, the locality was occupied by white settlers. Afterwards, it became known as the birthplace of abolitionism in New Hampshire. In its court-house, Daniel Webster delivered his first plea; and in its hotel, Nathaniel Hawthorne died, in 1864.

Fully 500 city-folks spend part of every summer here, attracted by the pure air, and the beautiful drives in the vicinity. The Pemigewasset House is a large and first-class establishment, fronting on wide lawns, toward the village, and with the Boston & Maine Railroad and the beautiful Pemigewasset River behind and below it. No fewer than 300 guests can be accommodated here, with

high and airy rooms, a quadrille-band to beguile the evening hours *con espressione*, parlors of generous dimensions, news-stands, barber -shop, and reading-room. Let it be said, without prejudice to others, that this house is famous for the scrupulous neatness with which it is kept, in all parts. In the village there are several other boarding-houses, with all grades of prices and accommoda-tions.

The map will show the extent and variety of the drives in this vicinity, revealing rare views of the Franconia and Waterville Mountains, and the emerald meadows of the two rivers. The venerable Episcopal Church of Holderness, 1½ mile distant, should be visited; and the Livermore Falls, 2 miles up on the road to the Profile House, will repay the ride, especially by the beautiful views from the road in ascending.

The chief mountain-excursion is that to the top of Mount Prospect, nearly 5 miles distant, and reached by an easy carriage-road over the upland pastures. The view from the crest is famous for its variety and beauty, and includes a vast area of central New Hampshire, Mount Washington, the sierra of the Franconia Range, the deep trench of the Pemigewasset Valley, and hundreds of greater and lesser peaks filling all the north and northeast, with the delightful and variegated scenery of the lake-country on the other side. A visit to the top of this mountain is justly considered *de rigueur*, for all sojourners at Plymouth.

CAMPTON AND WATERVILLE.

Campton Village, girdled with beautiful hills, and bordered by grassy meadows, is the summer capital of the upper Pemigewasset Valley, and receives every year several hundred urban lowlanders, who seek and find the fountain of health among these graceful hills. There is a small church here, two or three shops, a dozen boarding-houses, and a railway-station, erected in the year 1883. The drives in the vicinity are full of varying interest; and there

are several favorite rambles over the pasture hills in the neighborhood, revealing beautiful views of the Franconia Mountains and the great ranges towards Moosilauke. The crowning attraction of Campton, however, is that which is seen from its streets,—the view of the Waterville peaks, up the Mad-River Valley. There they stand, the noble trio, Welch Mountain on one side, altogether rocky, and most brilliant in color; Tripyramid in the centre, and more distant, striped from top to bottom with a vivid white side; and on the right the enormous bulk of Sandwich Dome. The people throughout all the countryside call this latter *Black Mountain,* in recognition of its prevailing color; but the geographers have named it *Sandwich Dome,* because there are too many other Black Mountains in New Hampshire. The Camptonians are altogether an agricultural people, and fifty tons of maple-sugar have been prepared here in a single year.

Among the Alpine excursions made from this point is that to the top of Mount Weetamoo, 5 miles distant by road and nearly 2 miles more by path, whence one may see Lake Winnepesaukee and Mount Washington. Another is the ascent of Welch Mountain, about 6 miles distant, and a remarkably handsome piece of rocky architecture, bright in color and symmetrical in form. Still another is the trip to Morgan Mountain, about 9 miles distant, with a path a mile long leading to a crest which overlooks the exquisite scenery of Squam Lake and Lake Winnepesaukee, with their hundreds of dainty islands and grove-laden capes.

WATERVILLE.

About 18 miles from Plymouth, and 12 miles from Campton Village, is the mountain-resort known as Greeley's (now Elliott's), and for many years frequented by transcendental and liberal Bostonians. At this point the Mad-River Valley ends, and the road becomes no thoroughfare, for the glen is nearly surrounded by tall and

formidable mountains. Two trails run out over high passes, one through by Livermore to the White-Mountain Notch; and the other over Flat Mountain to Upper Sandwich. Another rude road leaves the valley below, and crosses the breezy Sandwich Notch, to the lake-country on the South. There are very beautiful views from the road up from Campton; and the low eminences in the glen command striking prospects. The vast walls of the Waterville Valley are composed of Mount Tecumseh, Osceola, Tripyramid, and Black Mountain, or Sandwich Dome. They are nobly conspicuous from all points on the lowlands, and form objects worthy of great admiration and continual interest. Elliott's is 1,536 feet above the sea, and is surrounded (beyond its meadows) by deep forests, among which trout-brooks abound. The Cascades, the Greeley Ponds, the Flume, and other points of attraction, are reached by easy paths; and there are longer Appalachian paths to the summits of the adjacent mountains. One of these leads to the top of Osceola, 4,400 feet high, in a little over four miles; another gains the crest of Tecumseh; and a third winds over the long ridges and sharp peaks of Sandwich Dome (Black Mountain) to its summit, from which a superb view is afforded, including the great family of the White Hills on one side, and the shining plains of Squam and Winnepesaukee on the other. This prospect is without doubt one of the very noblest in all New Hampshire, and affords an infinite variety of contrasting episodes.

THE PEMIGEWASSET VALLEY.

What the Saco Valley is to the White Mountains, the Pemigewasset Valley is to the Franconia Range, the long and delicious vestibule through which access is gained to the very many shadowy hills at the end. The name itself breathes forth the free spirit of nature, and sounds like the long rustle of pine-boughs, or the rush of sylvan streams through dewy thickets. It is one of those ponder-

ous composite words which our Indians could make as well as modern German philosophers can, and means Crooked-Mountain-Pine-Place. Born in Profile Lake, and re-enforced by long streams from the wilderness about Thoreau Falls, this sesquipedalian stream descends 1,500 feet in the first 30 miles of its course, filling the lovely valley with music and coolness, and fructifying leagues of level green intervales.

The Pemigewasset train leaves Plymouth, on the arrival of the Boston train, and ascends the valley to the terminus, five miles from the Flume House. Beyond Livermore Falls are several famous view-points on the road, and the tall peaks about Waterville loom up conspicuously on the right. Soon West Compton is reached, with Sanborn's ancient inn, beloved by artists, and just across the river from the mild summer-resorting of Campton Village.

The next town to be traversed is Thornton, prolific in corn, potatoes, and maple-sugar, Scottish in scenery, and for a quarter of a century the parish of Dr. Noah Worcester. There are a few farm boarding-houses scattered here and there in the town; and the pretty Mill-Brook Cascades, 42 feet high, are near the road east of the river. Just beyond West Thornton is the most striking view of the stage-road, where the Franconia Mountains, foreshortened along their axis, are grouped in a cluster of sharp dark spires.

Woodstock, "the head of plough navigation," is the next town traversed by the advancing railway-train, nearer the Franconia Range, amid wilder surroundings of ridge and forest, and with a much scantier population. The mountains appear in several grand views from the road, and command continual attention. At North Woodstock are a few boarding-houses; and the Deer-Park Hotel is a charmingly situated summer-resort. On the east a road leads across the river, and a short distance into the edge of the Pemigewasset wilderness, to Pollard's where the veteran guide dwells; and a western road con-

ducts to the Agassiz Basins, and in to the trail which leads to Moosilauke and Warren.

Beyond Woodstock and the railway terminus, the stage-road rises rapidly, and soon enters the portals of the Franconia Notch, hard by the Flume House.

MOOSILAUKE, AN INTERESTING PEAK.—AN EXCELLENT OBSERVATORY.

Of the numerous peaks of the White Mountain range, no single mountain, not even the King, Mt. Washington, with his wealth of scenic splendor and legendary lore, from whose summit the Indians' great "Manitou" scattered his sunbeams and hurled his anger in the form of loud thunder-bolts, and where now tourists gather to gaze with awe and wonderment upon the tumbled peaks and ravines of the mountains and the green swards of the valley, surpasses in interest and beauty the bold peak of old Moosilauke. Situated some miles from his nearest neighbors, the Franconia Mountains, Moosilauke gazes with a sense of superiority at the rest of his relatives, and looks toward Mt. Washington with less of reverence than disdain. Supreme monarch of his own domains, 4,811 feet above the sea, as the highest elevation in New Hampshire south of Mt. Lafayette he is conscious of additional superiority in the possession of three distinct peaks. The summit is a broad plateau of many acres, with no big boulders such as characterizes most of the White Mountain peaks. It is above the timber line and alpine plants and mountain cranberries constitute its only vegetation.

On the north is a high, broad crest and farther north a blue dome, Mt. Blue. A long narrow ridge joins the south peak and the crest. The summit is the northern peak, and here is located the Tip Top House, built in 1860. This hotel has lately been remodeled and enlarged and can comfortably care for fifty guests. To reach it by train, the traveler should alight at Warren Station, Boston & Maine Railroad, whence a carriage can be taken

for Breezy Point. Breezy Point is a southern spur of the mountain, seventeen hundred feet high, five miles from the summit and equally distant from Warren. The view from this point is superb, looking towards the peaks of Kineo, Cushman and Waternomee. The Moosilauke, an excellent modern hostelry, delightfully situated well up on the spur, will care for the tourist at this point. Buckboards and good horses can be procured for the trip to the Tip Top House. On the East side of Moosilauke is the Jobildunk Ravine, in whose upper part is the Jobildunk Cascade. On the west slope, is the head of an enormous slide over two thousand feet long, at an angle of about forty degrees and with a width varying from fifteen to fifty feet. The most amazing of the natural wonders of Moosilauke is the vast Amphitheatrical Gulf near the Benton trail. It is eight hundred feet deep, and a peculiar feature is that this great cavern is literally filled with growing trees whose verdure seems to suffer not at all, from their strange location. The summit can be reached by three approaches, by carriage road from Warren, by bridle path from Benton and by foot paths from North Woodstock and Warren Summit.

The view from the summit cannot be surpassed even by that from Mt. Washington. Indeed, the isolation of Moosilauke from the other peaks gives it a decided advantage and unlike the higher peaks, there is less fog or cloud envelopment to hinder the view. On one side the green fields of the Connecticut Valley and the fertile farms of Vermont greet the vision, and far away the blue tints of the Adirondacks are visible. Turning, the peaks and ravines of New Hampshire and the valleys and meadowlands of the Granite State blending with the pine forests of Maine present a picture in which pastoral charms and rugged beauty vie for ascendency. Toward the northeast, the beauty of the Franconia Mountains becomes enhanced by nearby observance, Mt. Kinsman in front and in the rear, craning eagerly forward, the white head

of Mt. Cannon gaze in admiration on the tower of Moosilauke.

THE BENTON RANGE.

To the west of Moosilauke, and very conspicuous from the delicious meadows which surround the medicinal springs and quiet streets of Newbury, is a range of mountains which are rarely visited and little known by the tourists to the White Hills. The peaks are Owl's Head, Blueberry Mountain, Hogsback, Sugar Loaf, and Black Mountain, the latter of which is 3,571 feet above the sea, higher than Kiarsarge or Chocorua, and fully as picturesque in its remarkable rocky architecture. It is worth the labor of the ascent for this alone, and again for its charming prospect over the meadows of the Connecticut and the western mountains. Sugar Loaf is a sharp *aiguille* of white rock, monumentally conspicuous from the long valley, and ascended by means of iron pins sunken in the ledges.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WESTERN AVENUE.—THE ROUTE FROM BOSTON TO LOWELL, CONCORD, AND LANCASTER, AND THE WEST SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The western route to the mountains may be called the Merrimac Route, as those on the east merit the title of the Saco Routes. Entering the Merrimac Valley within 15 miles of Boston, the western line follows its course for 130 miles, and then crosses Warren Summit to the Connecticut Valley.

After leaving the huge terminal station of the Boston & Maine system, the train rumbles across one of the many caterpillar bridges which almost hide the Charles River, and then flies by several suburban stations in Somerville and Medford, and a long line of rural villages in the country beyond. At Lowell the broad Merrimack River is reached, and the factories which line the stream for a long distance attest how valuable is this mountain-born water to New England industries, and especially to "the Manchester of America." This great manufacturing city of Lowell, which has long been one of the show-places of Massachusetts, is yet less than a century old. The water-power which is its reason for being is derived from the Pawtucket Falls, and flows down the front of the city in a canal 1½ miles long, which debouches at the mouth of the classic Concord River.

Pleasant views are given over the Merrimac as the train hurries onward, soon entering New Hampshire, and pausing at the bright manufacturing city of Nashua, where about 24,000 people derive a comfortable living from the

THE RESTORED OLD TIP TOP HOUSE, MT. WASHINGTON, N. H., Completed 1916.

mills which line the water-power of the Nashua River.

Less than an hour more brings the traveller to the largest city in New Hampshire, Manchester, devoted to various manufactures, and sheltering 57,000 inhabitants under its many roofs. Both at Manchester and Lowell were large Indian towns, in ancient times, where the aborigines gathered to catch fish at the Amoskeag and Pawtucket Falls. Seventeen miles beyond, the train enters Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, a handsome city of 20,000 inhabitants, with an imposing State-House and other public buildings, and a line of profitable manufactures. In the suburbs are quarries of fine white granite, employing many men, and producing large quantities of stone every year.

Beyond this snug little capital the line crosses the Merrimac, and approaches Canterbury, famous for its Shaker village; and Tilton, where the Methodists have a large seminary. Soon the gallant line of the Sandwich-Waterville mountains comes into view, filling the north-eastern horizon with its broken lines. The Winnepesaukee River is followed closely, and its expansions of Sanbornton Bay and Lake Winnesquam, past the busy and prosperous towns of Laconia and Lake Village, and then over a kind of amphibious route, among bays and lagoons, and with the mountains rising more and more conspicuous. Weirs is the station where the neat little waves of Lake Winnepesaukee are seen on the starboard quarter of the train, with the large steamboat, adequate to a transatlantic voyage, which braves the blustering seas towards Wolfeborough.

The train runs up, by the camp-meeting tabernacles, and along the shore of a protracted bay, to Meredith,—a quiet lake-village, with some claims as a summer-resort. For the next half-hour the route lies through a thinly-settled region, with occasional ponds visible in the woods, and along the horizon several famous mountains, with new ones rising into view from time to time. Beyond Bridge-

water, descending on the Pemigewasset meadows, the Franconia Range is seen, cutting the northern sky.

At Plymouth there is much noise and bustle—half an hour for dinner—huge Pemigewasset Hotel on one side, river on the other—transfers of no end of baggage and tourists for Campton and the new Profile House—down-trains meeting Boston trains, as at a half-way house—bells, gongs, whistles, and a great clattering of knives and forks.

After this refreshment the train rushes up the ancient Asquamchumauke Valley, along the meadows of Baker's River, and strikes its first *bona fide* peak, on the right hand side, in Mount Stinson, which glowers over the vale of Rumney. The valley narrows to Wentworth, with its Noah's-ark of a church, and Warren, a disintegrated rural village, not so handsome as it should be, in view of the natural beauties around it. Thence the line ascends the Mikaseota glen to Warren Summit, and soon takes down grades towards the Connecticut, with views of royal old Moosilauke on the right, and the fine peaks of the Benton Range. Past the venerable village of Haverhill,—known to searchers for vernal peace,—we bear away to the north, with very charming views across the Connecticut River and the luxuriant Oxbow Meadows, across which is the white hamlet of Newbury.

At Woodsville and Wells River is the confluence of two rivers and several railroads, under the lee of rugged and woody Mount Gardner. Heavier by the accession of numerous tourists from the regions beyond the Hudson, the train runs up the Ammonoosuc Valley, environed by hills and woods, and giving slight glimpses of Bath and Lisbon, and a fuller view of Littleton. From Wing Road, a little way beyond, the main line continues on, by the immense lumber-mills of Whitefield, to Lancaster—of which we have before spoken—and Groveton Junction, where it intersects the Grand Trunk Railway. The Mount-Washington Branch diverges at Wing Road, and

runs 20 miles into the mountains, following the deep and forest-covered valley of the Ammonoosuc, and terminating only at the base of Mount Washington. From Bethlehem Junction trains run up the heights to the Maplewood and the great summer resort of Bethlehem, 3 miles distant; and also to the new Profile House, down in Franconia Notch. Soon the white facade of the Twin-Mountain House is seen, on the left; and, as the Fabyan House is approached, the glorious line of the Presidential Range starts into the field of vision.

CHAPTER XII.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—WOLFBOROUGH AND CENTRE HARBOR.—SQUAM LAKE.—THE ROUTES BY THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

Winnepesaukee, wild, aboriginal, irregular and yet musical and sweet, the name is like its subject,—full of winsomeness, and far apart from the commonplace. No wonder that when some hair-brained sentimentalist said that the word meant "The Smile of the Great Spirit," the people, far and wide, caught at the fancy, and all the Nipmuck lexicons in New England could not shake their faith. But the Indians were very practical folk, scanty in theology as well as in vesture, and their name, that which the lake now bears, signified simply "The Beautiful Water in a High Place." Two tribes of red men dwelt on the shores, and feasted on the fish that they drew from the waters; and in later days the French partisans and Indian warriors from Canada made this a main route for attacks on the New England towns. New Hampshire erected a cordon of block-houses in the region in 1722; and in 1746 Col. Atkinson's regiment was cantonned in winter-quarters near the lake to serve as a bulwark against the Canadian forays. In good truth,, these valiant soldiers spent most of their time in hunting and fishing; and when the forces were disbanded many of the young militiamen hastened back into this primeval paradise to "locate." So the settlement began, and their log-huts rose under the Ossipee Mountains, and along the bays of the southern shore. Winnepesaukee became a civilized lake, and the Indians, the fish, and the forests vanished. About the year 1835, steamboats appeared; and at a later day the genius of

the nineteenth century made the lake an annex of Lowell, by damming up its waters at the outlet, and raising the entire surface 6 feet higher,—or to 502 feet above the sea —to serve more acceptably as a mill-pond to draw upon when the Merrimac runs low.

As now constituted, Winnepesaukee has about 70 square miles of water-area, with a greatest length of 19 miles, and a greatest width of 8¼ miles. The waters—everywhere clear and transparent—are generally rather shallow though reaching a depth of 200 feet at certain points; and so feeble and inadequate are the influent streams, that wise men believe that there are many vast springs underneath the waters. The inevitable "365 islands—one for every day in the year"—which the average American will try to find in the seas of Paradise, as he has already found them miraculously occurring at Lake George and Casco Bay, and in all other Yankee archipelagoes,—are also accredited to Winnepesaukee. Iconoclastic Science, however, with her theodolites and compasses, sweeps the whole mimic sea with a net-work of bases and angles, baited with juicy logarithms, and finds only 267 islands, islets, and rocks, covering 10 square miles,—3 of them having over 500 acres each, 7 more over 100, and 226 less than 10 each. Some of these contain large and exceptionally productive farms, whose navy of horse-boats make an actual and practicl thing of horse-power as applied to navigation. But most of the islands are mere bits of turf and rock, a strip of beach, a group of bushes and arching trees, just large enough and lonely enough for the camps of summer-gypsies, and good for little else. Encouraged by the laws of the Commonwealth of New Hampshire, and stimulated by the honorable fish-commissioners, the finny population has largely increased, and now affords good sport and frequent dinners for the knights of the bending rod.

En passant, it may be said, as a *point d'appui* for the encouragement of Anglo-Americans of the type of the

younger Henry James, that this *bizarre* Winnepesaukee has been endued with a certain *couleur de rose* by such *belsesprits, connoisseurs,* and *litterateurs* as Edward Everett, Star King, Dr. Bartol, Harriet Martineau, and Fredrika Bremer, who regarded it as a *chef-d' œuvre* of nature, and, possibly *par complaisance* merely, compared it not unfavorably with *ces autres* in the transatlantic realms over which Cook's tourists are driven. *Mais, chacun á son gout.*

"I perceive that you have a great mynd to the lakes," wrote Capt. Mason, speaking of this region, in 1634; and the Americans who have been thus inclined in the subsequent quarter-millennium may be numbered by hundreds of thousands. The exquisite limipidity of the waters, the graceful combinations of the multitude of islands, the sublimity of the mountains on all sides, afford sources of continual amazement, surprise, and delight, and give inspiring novelty to every voyage over the landlocked sea. The bays which retreat into the shadows of the Ossipee Mountains, interlocked w ithverdant shores and alcoved by bowery promontories, are accessible by smaller boats, and afford most delicious cruising-ground when wading cattle do not blockade the straits.

The steam navy of Winnepesaukee is headed by the great vessel *Mount Washingeton,* competent to carry 1,000 passengers, and the commodious *Lady of the Lake,* which is usually spoke of as *The Lady.* There are also several smaller excursion steamboats, a few fresh-water yachts, and a goodly flotilla of neat row-boats.

There are four ports which rejoice in the visits of the larger vessels: Alton Bay, Wolfeborough, Centre Harbor, and the Weirs. Alton Bay, 96 miles from Boston and 28 miles from Dover by the Boston & Maine Railroad, is the nearest point to Boston (all-rail, and no change of cars), and is reached from Dover, on the main line by ascending the Cocheco Valley, and passing through Rochester and Farmington. The *Mount Washington*

View of Franconia Notch, N. H.

leaves Alton Bay and its summer-hotel and camp-meeting grounds, on arrival of the Boston train, and runs down the long and river-like fiord of Merry-Meeting Bay for 5 miles, after which she swings out on the open lake, and soon reaches Wolfeborough.

Wolfeborough is the terminus of a branch of the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, 51 miles from North Conway.

The direct course to Centre Harbor is 20 miles long, and leads through the broadest parts of the lake, between the islands, and with glorious views of the environing mountains and peninsulas. Conspicuous on one side are the tall, twin peaks of Mount Belknap, or Gunstock, with their light-colored sienite crests; the Ossipee Range, covered with dark forests, lifts its long wall on the right; and in front swell the characteristic mountains of Sandwich and Waterville, overlooked, at one point, for about 15 minutes, by the remote and stately peaks of Mounts Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Pleasant. One by one, group by group, the islands float swiftly by, the shifting scenes of a grander tableau than human orchestra ever played before. The limpid water flows dreamily around these fair Atlantides, and Percival should sing here his "On thy fair bosom, silver lake," where Whittier has averred that "The lake is white with lotus-flowers." Amid this peace of air and sea the course lies onward, and up the narrow northern bay to the white hamlet of Centre Harbor. This is the last port of the *Mount Washington;* but *The Lady* continues on to the Weirs, which is 106 miles from Boston, and the point where the Boston & Maine Railroad meets the lake boats. The *Mount Washington* connects at Long Island with a steamboat for Lake Village and Weirs.

WOLFEBOROUGH.

The active manufacturing village of Wolfeborough is prettily situated at the foot of a quiet bay on the eastern

shore, along the slopes of two hills which decline towards the little mills and shops near the outlet of Lake Wentworth. The Pavilion is the great hotel, with wide lawns sloping to the water, and rooms for 300 guests. There are several other hotels here; and boarding-houses and farm-houses enough to accommodate many hundreds of visitors, among the adjacent hills. The usual pastime of driving about the country-roads, and getting views of near and distant scenery, is varied here by water-excursions, trips up and down the lake on the steamboats, and more independent and laborious journeys in row-boats and yachts. Only a mile distant is Lake Wentworth, a very pretty lake indeed, 4 miles long, sprinkled with islands, and bearing on its shores the remains of Wentworth House, the feudal mansion of Sir John Wentworth before the Revolutionary War.

Copple Crown is a mountain 2,100 feet high, 6½ miles from Wolfeborough, a mile of which is on an easy upland path; and this forms one of the favorite excursions for city-folks. The view includes the great lake on the north, and numerous other glittering sheets of water in Eastern New Hampshire; with such mountains as Belknap, Moosilauke, Passaconaway, Carrigan, Chocorua, Moat, Washington, Carter Dome, Kiarsarge, Ossipee, the Uncanoonucs, Wachuset, Monadnock and Kearsarge.

Tumble-Down Dick is a pasture-covered hill a mile from Copple Crown, crossed by a road, and affording a very extensive view over the lake. The careful chronicler of Wolfeborough should also describe the charms of the Short Square and the Long Square, and dwell on the delights of the Devil's Den and the drives to Alton Bay and to Ossipee Falls. We shall leave many a *terra incognita* in Carroll County, for adventurous wheels and keels to explore.

CENTRE HARBOR.

Quite the daintiest and sweetest of the maritime ports of Winnepesaukee is "the little hamlet lying white In its

CENTRE HARBOR, N.H.

mountain fold," at the end of the long northern bay, 553 feet above the sea, and close to some of the finest scenery in America. There is a little church here, a country-store, a telegraph office, a line of pretty summer-villas, a large hotel and a small one, and a dozen or so of rural boarding-houses, with delightfully low prices. The railroads are far enough away, and the only regular line of communication by land is the great mail-stage which rumbles away over the picturesque road to West Ossipee, once a day. The long verandas c .ıe Senter House, cloistered by venerable elms, look out down the lake for full 20 miles; and below them is a flotilla of white pleasure-boats, in which daring navigators seek the distant coasts of Beaver Island and Moultonborough Neck. Those who prefer to ramble may reach the top of Sunset Hill or Centre Harbor Hill in a few minutes from the village, and overlook the manifold beauties of the lake-country and the environing mountains. The drive called Around the Ring, not more than 5 miles long, gives most fascinating views of Red Hill and Squam Lake; and the road to Meredith, 5 miles westward, reveals new phases of the lake-scenery.

In a word, and without dissembling, Centre Harbor would be a little suburb of Paradise, but for the fact that in August it is sometimes warm—even hot—possibly not more so than North Conway or Plymouth, but running higher into the Fahrenheit eighties than Bethlehem or Jaskson ever do.

RED HILL.

A huge mound of gray sienite, 3 miles long, and 2,043 feet high, Red indeed in autumn, this so-called hill rises nobly over the Sandwich plains, and the view from its crest has won enthusiastic praises from all manner of visitors, for a hundred years, ranging in expression from Timothy Dwight's dry rhapsodies to Starr King's or Isaac Hill's flowery exuberance. Dwight said that it repaid the labor of riding to it on horseback from New Haven: Isaac

Hill, that a more charming and delightsome view is not perhaps to be seen in America; Harriet Martineau, that it was "altogether beautiful;" N. P. Rogers, that it is the perfection of earthly prospects and defies competion, as it transcends description; Dr. C. T. Jackson, that it is the most beautiful panorama which this country affords. The road is about 13 miles from Centre Harbor to the point where the Red Hill trail begins, and the path is nearly 1½ mile long. If it is perferred to go up on horseback, sure-footed mountain-horses may be taken from the base of the path. The view includes the superb sea of islands on the south, Wachuset, Monadnock, Kearsarge, Cardigan, the lovely Squam Lake, Moosilauke, Sandwich Dome, Tripyramid, Whiteface, Chocorua, Kiarsarge, Pleasant (near Sebago Lake), and all the hamlets and lakelets of the surrounding country for many leagues. Without endorsing the inordinate praises just cited, it may easily be maintained that this is the finest prospect in all the lake-country.

Ossipee Park is 10 miles from Centre Harbor, near the obscure lake-port of Melvin Village. Here, are the famous Falls of Song (the ancient Ossipee Falls). Over the glen towers the forest-clad Mount Shaw, 2,361 feet high.

ASQUAM LAKE.

There is nowhere in our New England more beautiful scenery than that which is found around this sequestered lake. Nowhere else does Nature display such fascinating variety, broad highland waters, exquisite islands, frowning mountains, sylvan shores; nor is there any other locality more free from the disfigurements of humaninterpolations or the meretricious additions of *bourgeois* taste. The Asquam House is a new hotel, on Shepard Hill, near the lake, and overlooking it for many picturesque miles.

The name *Squam* or *Asquam* is the Indian word for *water,* and fails to indicate a lofty flight of imagination (or

of euphony) on the part of the red sponsors. The lake is 6 miles long, and covers more than 15 square miles, with deep bays and covers, and a growing population of vigorous fish. There are 16 islands rising from this crystal sea, some of them large enough to be used as pastures, while others are hardly more than great green bouquets, tied at their bases with azure ribbon (as Chateaubriand said of the Hudson Highlands). A venerable antiquary of the Massachusetts Historical Society said, a century ago, and truly and quaintly enough, that if this lake had been in Europe, "many a tourist would have tasked his imagination for sonorous epithets to describe its scenery, many an artist would have prepared his softest tints to paint its beauties, and many a poet would have strung his lyre to sound its praises."

THE WEIRS.

Where the Boston & Maine Railroad runs near deep-water channels on Lake Winnepesaukee, and delivers passengers to the steamboats, a pretty little summer city has risen, with several large hotels, and the highly diversified streets of a camp-meeting ground. The latter indeed, so far as its site is concerned, is largely dowered with sweetness and light, insomuch that it has allured even the Unitarians, least Methodistic of all sects, to establish here a downright camp-meeting, where the voices of liberal divines and Arian polemics have resounded through the groves, and astonished the autochthonous birds. The Methodists gather here more regularly, and in greater numbers, and enjoy nature and religion together, as is their wont.

Four times a day the steamboat leaves this theological port, to run to Centre Harbor and Wolfborough, affording most convenient opportunities for marine excursions. It should be stated that the name of the station is derived from the fact that the ancient Indian tribes built long stone walls in the shallows near by, where the river flows

out, and placed nets here and there, at the openings, wherein they used to catch immense numbers of shad and salmon, at the times of their annual migrations. These weirs remained for many years after their builders had been exterminated, and bequeathed their name to the locality.

ALTON BAY.

The most southerly point of the lake, not far from the rural village of Alton, has been a steamboat-port since 1832, and is now the point where a branch of the Boston and Maine Railroad terminates, and whence the great steamer *Mount Washington* sails. Here the Adventists and the Spiritualists have their summer camp-meeting grounds, and discuss matters which even a guide-book may gravely smile at.

There is also a secular hotel here, where fair cheer is found; and the scenery and fishing in the vicinity are alike good. Numerous ponds, or small lakes, are scattered through the adjacent towns, the best of which are Merry-Meeting Lake, 10 long miles around, and Lougee Pond, on the road to Gilmanton Iron Works. There are exceedingly beautiful views from the summits of Sheep Mountain and Prospect Hill, and from the roads leading over their ridges. Twelve miles from the Bay, over a hilly road, yet one which gives very noble prospects, is the path which leads in 1½ mile to the top of Mount Belknap, 2,394 feet high, and commanding a view which has but few rivals in this cluster of Yankee States. The most direct route to Mount Belknap is from Laconia, the large and beautiful village on Lake Winnesquam, 7 miles distant.

CHAPTER XIII.

BETHEL.—SHELBURNE.—GORHAM.—BERLIN FALLS.—THE ROUTE FROM PORTLAND TO THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

This exceedingly Anglican route, with its headquarters in London, and its arms reaching from the Lower St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes, has a pleasant route which leads from Portland to the mountain resorts near the upper Androscoggin, in about 70 miles. The line lies through a long line of Casco-Bay townships, with occasional glimpses of the bay itself; and then turns upward into the country, passing the pretty village of New Gloucester, and the station where stages await passengers for the great hotel at Poland Spring, 4 miles off the line. Then the valley of the Little Androscoggin is followed up, while the landscape becomes more rolling and diversified. Paris Hill appears on the right, a proud little county-capital crowning a high eminence; and beyond the ensuing wilderness, another charming bit of scenery appears, at the station of Bryant's Pond. The purgatorial woods of the water-shed are soon passed, and the train swings down into the rich pastoral region of the Androscoggin Valley.

BETHEL.

A dignified and well-to-do old village on the Androscoggin River, near the great bend where the Presidential Range forces the stream to swing from south to east, Bethel had natural advantages and early influences as a summer resort which later years have failed to adequately develop. It is peculiarly an agricultural settlement, with

beautiful intervales along the river, rich in various products, and adding a sweet pastoral charm to the landscape. The low mountains in the vicinity are mostly covered with pasturage, and lack the grim savagery of the peaks about the Saco and the Ammonoosuc. There are great resources for drives, for the country is open, and affords many easy and comparatively level roads, extending into the western townships of Maine, and even into various "Grants" and "Locations" where, as yet, the academy-bells have not sounded, nor rival churches installed brown-handed deacons. These easy buck-board routes lead to oints not yet familiar to the Cook's tourists on the main avenues of travel,—to the Albany Basins, the Rumford Falls, the Grafton Notch, and the Screw-Auger Falls; and to many other charming nooks which even this multivagous Guide-book knows not of. The nearer viewpoints are Sunset Rock and Paradise Hill, and those more remote are Mount Abram and Mount Caribou, which look upon the great Presidential Range, across the screen of the Moriah-Carter ridges.

Bethel has two cosey hotels, on the quiet village-green nearly a mile from the railroad-station; and a dozen summer boarding-houses, on the shady old streets, and along the riverward meadows.

SHELBURNE AND THE LEAD-MINE BRIDGE.

The town of Shelburne, where many summer-guests abide in quiet farmhouses, consists of a sinuous valley, along the Androscoggin, floored with green intervales, rich in grain and grass, bordered on north and south by unbroken ranges of tall mountains. Near the railroad-station is the least fragment of a hamlet, with a post-office and an old inn, over which rises Mount Winthrop; and on the other side of the river is Gates Cottage, from which the great northern peaks are so nobly visible. A path leads thence to Dream Lake and the crest of Mount Baldcap,

TWIN MOUNTAIN STATION, M. C. R. R.

which overlooks the tumultuous wilderness towards Lake Umbagog, and also the coronal peaks of all this region.

The Lead-Mine Bridge is less than five miles from Gorham, where the road crosses the Androscoggin, and leads toward Gates Cottage. From the bridge itself is gained one of the most famous views of the peaks of Washington, Adams, and Madison, directly over the bright rippling waters and bouquet-like islands of the river. This æsthetic pilgrimage should be made towards the latter part of a clear summer afternoon, when the day is well aired, and the alchemy of the sunshine has transformed meadow and hill into forms and colors of ideal beauty.

In such contracted space, we cannot tell the legends of Moses Rock, of Granny Stalbird's Ledge, of Hark Hill, or recount the mediæval history of Shelburne and the Indian forays. Nor can we speak of the prolongation of the narrow valley eastward through Gilead, mountain-walled and abounding in game, settled in ancient times by religious enthusiasts from Massachusetts, and down to this day without even a hamlet in which to group its sturdy hill-men.

GORHAM.

The time was when Gorham stood as the chief of the mountain-resorts, and although that is long past, there is yet much to attract hither the lover of natural scenery. It has railroad repair-shops of many-Hibernian power; but Starr King will never more write his inspired chapters in its hotel; and the goodly company of old-time guides are now (let us hope) upon the Delectable Mountains. The village is 812 feet above the sea, standing in that elbow-like glen which is formed by the Androscoggin River, rushing from the Rangeley Lakes straight towards Lake Winnepesaukee, but abruptly blockaded, and thrown off at a right angle with its former course, by the sturdy foot-hills of the Presidential Range. Here the Rangeley waters are met by Moose River, flowing from the dark depths of

King's Ravine, and the Peabody River, which drains the Great Gulf.

There is no other village so near as this to the chief peaks of the White Mountains, but they are hidden from view by the shaggy hills which impend on the south. The imposing masses and picturesque crests of the Moriah and Carter Ranges are seen from the streets, close at hand; and a few minutes' walk leads to points which view the stately forms of Washington and his staff. On the westward are the sunset curtains of the Crescent and Pilot Ranges, filling miles of wilderness between Gorham and Lancaster; on the north, closest of all to the village, is Mount Hayes, the guide around which the river wheels, and the outpost of that range of peaks which runs off into the woods to lofty Goose Eye.

It should be remembered that the old Alpine House has been replaced by a new and spacious modern hotel, bearing the same name, and continuing the same traditions; and also that the Gorham House is a comfortable old-time inn, near the centre of the village. Both these hotels have many horses, who pass the summer is drawing parties of tourists over the meadow-roads, or through to Summit House, or over the famous Cherry-Mountain road. For it is chiefly as a centre of delightful drives that Gorham is famous; and from their courses the intervales of the Androscoggin are combined in infinite variety with the blue calms and while turmoils of the river, and with the majestic forms of the great mountains.

A path begins at the end of the queer little suspension-bridge, and ascends to the top of Mount Hayes in about two miles. The main features of the view from this point are the peaks of Washington, Adams, and Madison, within from 8 to 10 miles, and splendidly grouped for picturesque effects, Adams and Madison rising in grand flowing lines from the valley, and looking across to the bold opposing heights of Carter and Moriah. In contrast with this Olympian majesty is the Arcadian beauty of the Andros-

coggin meadows, stretching away for many miles, jewelled by the diamond and lapid lazuli of the river, and flecked with white farmhouses.

MOUNT MORIAH.

Mount Moriah, 4,000 feet high, is accessible from Gorham by a bridle-path about 5 miles long, the same over which Sarr King and his *illuminati* used to ramble, and recently renewed and cleared by the United States Coast Survey. Half-way up is the little peak of Mount Surprise, which commands such a fascinating view of the Pinkham Notch, the Presidential Peaks, and the savage forests between. Then ensues a charming walk through the dwindling upland groves, by venerable mossy cliffs and up over breathless ridges, until the bare crest is gained. The Green Mountains of Vermont, the Kennebec peaks, the gray summits of Maine and Lower Canada, fill the distant field; and close at hand are the vast spires of the Presidential Range, cleft by profound ravines, and closing the west with fretted lines of alpine ledges.

Randolph Hill is something over five miles from Gorham, and is reached by driving out on the Jefferson road, to a place called *Scater's,* and ascending thence by a branch hill-road to the right, high on to a spur of Randolph Mountain. From this silent and sequestered spot, one gains a very impressive view of Madison and Adams, lifting their gray spires in airy aspiration, far into the blue sky, with the scars of ages of storms and slides riving their weary forms. Below them and within open the cavernous depths of King's Ravine, paved with the ruins of dismantled ridges, and sheltering masses of profound shadow.

BERLIN FALLS.

About six miles from Gorham, up the valley, is the point where the Androscoggin indulges in its first notable episode of passion, and preludes its later adventures at Rum-

ford, Lewiston, and Brunswick. Here the outpour of the Umbagog and Rangeley Lakes and the distant Magalloway region, marches swiftly through the Caudine Forks of imprisoning rocky cliffs, descending a hundred feet within in a mile of advance, in white and boiling rapids, the domes of dark water fringed by frettings of foam, and battering the boulders in a determined way which insures victory in time. A foot-bridge crosses the chasm from cliff to cliff, nearly over the deepest plunge of the stream, and affords a vantage-ground from which to view the varying phases of the falls, above and below. The drive thence to Milan Corner is about eight miles long, and affords some famous views of the White Mountains, which have been often reproduced by artists.

The Alpine Cascades are about four miles from Gorham, and are approached by crossing the Androscoggin on a light foot-bridge, in full sight of a picturesque cataract. The visitor then pays a toll at the Novanglian *chalet* near the beginning of the path, and perchance buys also peanuts, gum-drops, and cheroots. The ledges and crags on the mountain-side beyond afford a very eligible site for a waterfall; and after heavy rains the Alpine Cascades are well worthy of a visit.

Mount Washington and Intervale

A LIST OF THE

HOTELS AND BOARDING-HOUSES

IN THE

WHITE MOUNTAINS AND IN THE WINNEPESAUKEE AND SEBAGO REGIONS

With their Proprietors' Names, the Number of Guests Accommodated, and the Rates by the Day and Week.

REVISED 1911.

ALTON BAY.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Hillside Cottage, Mrs. I. F. Reynolds,	20	1.50	8.00-10.00
New Winnepesaukee House, F. H. McAlpine,	50	2.00-3.50	10.00-20.00
Sunny Side Cottage, W. H. Reynolds,	25	2.00	8.00-10.00

BARTLETT.

The Howard House, W. N. Irish,	75	2.50 up	10.00 to 12.00
Garland House, F. E. Garland,	25	2.00	14.00
Cedarcroft, Mrs. A. L. Russell,	25	2.00	10.00-12.00
Maple Cottage, G. S. Chesley,	25	2.00	8.00-10.00
George's Inn, Mrs. C. H. George,	15	2.00	8.00 up

(*See also Lower Bartlett.*)

BATH

Ammonoosuc House, C. Burnham,	50	1.50	7.00
Old Stone House, Mrs. E. P. Hutchins,	15	1.50	7.00

BERLIN

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Berlin House, C. J. Calvin,	100	2.50-3.00	14.00-17.50
New Revere House, F. T. McNally,	150	2.50-3.00	14.00-20.00

BETHLEHEM.

Altamonte House, I. Lucher,	100	3.00	18.00 up
Arlington House, F. C. Abbee,	80	3.00-4.00	17.50-25.00
Bellevue House, D. S. Phillips,	90	2.00-2.50	8.00-12.00
Bethlehem House, J. H. A. Bruce,	75	2.00-2.50	10.00-16.00
Bethmer Inn, Mr. Blair,	50	2.00 up	10.00 up
Broadview, G. L. Gilmore,	30	2.00	8.00-12.00
Central House, W. J. Lewis,	75	2.00-3.00	12.00 up
Elm House, R. M. Hodgdon,	40	2.00	10.00-12.00
Farm Cottage, Mrs. L. M. Phillips,	35	2.50	9.00-15.00
Gardner Cottage, R. H. Gardner,	15	1.25	7.00-9.00
Highland House, E. A. Long,	100	3.00 up	15.00 up
Hillside Inn, L. T. Clawson,	100	2.50-3.00	14.00 up
Idlewilde, H. C. Day,	40	1.50-2.00	9.00-12.00
Maplehurst, Wm. A. Rowe & Co.,	75	2.50 up	12.00 up
Maplewood Hotel*, L. H. Cilley,	400	5.00 up	30.00 up
Maplewood Inn,*	150	3.00-4.00	17.50 up
Mountain View House, I. A. Taylor,	25	1.50	8.00-10.00
Park Cottage, B. Tucker,	15	3.00	20.00 up
Strawberry Hill House, H. C. Barrett, Manager,	100	2.50-3.00	16.00 up
The Agassiz House, N. Macmillan,	150	2.50-3.50	14.00-25.00
The Alpine, W. S. Dunham,	80	3.50 up	21.00 up
The Columbus, R. H. Buckler,	80	1.50 up	10.00 up
The Gramercy, E. Stimpson,	50	2.00-2.50	8.00-18.00
The Mt. Washington, R.N. Gordon,	100	3.50	
The New Howard, Chas. Sutherland,	100	3.00 up	17.00-50.00
The Park View, H. F. Hardy,	125	2.00-3.00	10.00-20.00
The Sinclair, Sinclair Hotel Co., Harrington & McAuliff, Mgrs.,	300	4.00 up	Special
The Reynolds, M. Reynolds,	50	2.00 up	10.00 up
The Sunny Side, Mrs. F. M. Gardner,	25	1.50	9.00 up
The Uplands, F. H. Abbott,	250	4.00 up	28.00 up
Turners' Tavern, J. H. Turner,	75	3.00-3.50	14.00-25.00
The Highland, E. A. Long,	100	3.00 up	15.00 up

(**Located and P. O. at Maplewood N. H.*)

BETHEL, ME.

Locke Farm, Miss M. E. Locke,	40	2.00	8.00-12.00
Prospect Hotel, F.R.Green & Son,	100	2.00-4.00	12.00-25.00
Mountain Grove Hse., H.R.Godwin,	25	1.50	8.00-12.00
Maple Inn, W. W. Kilgore,	75	2.50	14.00-18.00

BELMONT.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Bay View, Stephen Taylor,	50		8.00-10.00
Belmont House, Mary E. Leavorouer,	20		6.00
Forest House, Frank A. Rundlett,	35		5.00-8.00
Currier's Hotel, J. P. Currier,	40	2.00	5.00-12.00
Highland House, C. W. Knowles,	12	1.25	8.00-10.00

BRIDGTON, ME.

The Bridgton, Geo. A. Cabbott,	150	2.50-3.50	10.00-17.50
The Cumberland, L. A. Jack,	75	2.50	Apply
Lake View House, C. T. Plummer,	80	2.50	Apply
Stoneleigh, Lightfoot Bros.,	75	2.50	15.00 up
Pleasant Mountain House, C.E.Cobb,	40	3.00	15.00-24.00
Highland Lake, R. A. Dodge,	30	1.75	7.00-10.00
Mountain View, H. D. Morrison,	25		On application
Overlook Cottage, C. M. Trufant,	25	2.00	10.00-12.00
Tarry-a-while, F. H. Abbott,	35	2.00	12.00-15.00
Mead Cottage, Thos. F. Mead,	15	1.25	6.00-8.00
Lakeside, Mrs. L. M. Harris,	25	2.00	8.00-10.00
Ingalls Farm, O. B. Ingalls,	12		On application
Everest, Geo. W. Rounds,	20	2.00	8.00-10.00
Tanglewood, Irving Hibbard,	40	1.50	9.00
Ingalls Hill Farm, Linnie M. Libby,	10	1.50	7.00
Sunny Rest Cottage, H.E.Farrington,	8		7.00
Aurora, Rev. G. W. Barber,	12	1.00	6.00
Bridgton Tavern, J. Merrill,	35	2.00-2.50	12.00-18.00
Burnell Summer Home, J.E.Burnell,	25	1.75	10.00
Hillside House, G. A. Potts,	20	1.50	9.00-10.00

(*See also No. Bridgton, Harrison and Waterford*)

BRETTON WOODS.

New Mount Pleasant, C. J. Dunphy,	300	5.00-6.00	28.00 up
The New Mount Pleasant Cottage,	50	4.00	24.50 up
The Mount Washington, D. J. Trudeau, Mgr.,	600	6.00-7.00	35.00 up
Bretton Arms, T. B. Bemis, Mgr.,	100	3.00 up	18.00-21.00

(*All hotels in sight from station.—Carriage Connection.*)

BRUNSWICK SPRINGS.

Rowell Cottage—Two miles from station,	15	2.00	10.00

CAMPTON.

Sunset Hill House, T. E. Sanborn,	60	2.00	8.00-14.00
Hillside House, Sawyer & Morrill,	50	1.50	7.00-10.00
Green Mountain Farm, A. S. Brown,	25	1.00-1.25	7.00-10.00

CENTER HARBOR.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Rock-Mere House, C. W. Goodwin,	25	1.00	7.00
The Colonial, W. A. Maclean,	250	2.50-5.00	12.50-30.00
Moulton House, Emery & Hill,	50	2.50-3.50	12.00-17.50
Lake House, G. A. Simpson,	20	2.00	8.00-10.00
The Pines, G. Sargent,	18	1.50	8.00-10.00
Hanson Farm, C. A. Hanson,	40	1.00	7.00
Grove Hill Farm, C. S. Hill,	16	1.50	7.00-9.00
Fairmount Cottage, Mrs. M. A. Mason,	25	1.00	7.00
The Majestic, M. V. B. Goodwin,	25	1.50	9.00
Cluster Cove, A. A. Goodrich,	30	2.00	10.00-12.00
Brooklyn House, G. H. Jackson,	20	1.25	6.00-8.00
The Beacon, Mrs. J. Hessman,	25	2.00	8.00
Kanasatka Inn, Mrs. M. A. Sanborn,	35	1.50	8.00-10.00
The Garnet Inn, A. A. Bennett,	40	1.50-2.50	9.00-15.00

CHOCORUA.

The Maplehurst, F. H. Carle,	30	1.50	8.00-10.00
Chocorua Hotel, M. E. Robertson,	100	1.50	8.00-10.00

(*Stage from West Ossipee.*)

COLEBROOK.

New Colebrook House, C. E. Hartshorn,	60	2.00-3.00	8.00-14.00
Monadnock House, J. T. Piper,	100	2.00-3.00	10.00 up
The Hampshire Inn, F. G. Parsons,	100	3.00-4.00	17.50 up
Camp Diamond, H. S. Little,	80	3.00	16.00 up
Sunnyside Cottage, J. W. Spencer,	8	1.00	5.00

CONWAY.

Conway House, L. L. Blood & Son,	125	2.00	10.00-15.00
Merrill House, O. W. Merrill,	25	1.00	6.00-8.00
Pequawket House, D. E. Pendexter,	40	1.50	6.00-8.00
Pine Grove House, G. Allard,	30	1.00	5.00-6.00
Range View Farm, Samuel Littlefield,	10	1.00	6.00-7.00
Mountain View House, G. Allard,	30	1.00	5.00-6.00

CONWAY CENTER.

Grove House, L. D. Mills,	24	1.50	6.00-8.00

CRAWFORD HOUSE.

Crawford House, Barron Hotel Co., W. A. Barron, Pres.,	350	5.00 up	24.50 up
Crawford House Annex, Barron Hotel Co., W. A. Barron, Pres.,		4.50 up	24.50 up

DIXVILLE NOTCH.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
The Balsams, Dixville Notch Corp.,	400	5.50 up	28.00 up

(*R. R. Station, Colebrook. Distance, 10 miles—Coach.*)

EAST TILTON.

Lakeside House, H. H. Bennett,	100	2.00	8.00-10.00
Maplewood Farm, Mrs. M. H. Bennett,	40	1.50	8.00-10.00
The Elms, W. H. H. Rollins,	35	1.00	5.00-7.00
Maple Grove Farm, F. A. Currier,	30	1.00	6.00-8.00

EAST WAKEFIELD.

Mirror Lake Farm, W. A. Davis,	28	1.00	6.00-8.00
Sunset Cottage Farm, T. McAbby,	35	1.00	6.00-7.00
Mountain House,* T. E. Mitchell,	25	1.25	6.00-8.00
Maple Cottage Farm,* S. A. Hill,	15	1.50	6.00-8.00
Maple Grove Farm,* D. W. Libby,	18	1.00	5.00-7.00
Shady Nook Farm, Mrs. C. W. Howe,	75	1.00-1.50	7.00-10.00

(* P. O. East Wakefield Depot.)

ERROL.

Umbagog House, N. R. Leach,	42	2.00	10.00

(*Stage from Colebrook through Dixville Notch.*)

FABYANS.

Fabyan House, Barron, Merrill & Barron,	400	5.00 up	25.00 up
Fabyan House Annex, Barron, Merrill & Barron,	30	2.00-3.00	14.00-21.00
White Mountain House, Sheehe & Seymour,	150	2.50 up	12.50 up

FRANCONIA.

Forest Hill Hotel and Cottages, G. P. Baldwin,	150	4.00 up	20.00 up
Mountain View House, Mrs. J. H. Knight,	25	2.50	10.00-16.00
Mt. Jackson House, Mrs. A. Grimes,	20	1.50	7.00-9.00
Mt. Lafayette House, J. W. Smith,	50	2.50	8.00-12.00
Spooner Farm, H. E. Spooner,	20	1.25-2.00	8.00-12.00
Whitney Farm, Mrs. F. P. Whitney,	25	1.50	6.00-8.00
Pleasant View Farm, H. S. Bowles,	40	1.00	6.00-7.00

(*See also Sugar Hill.*)

FRANCONIA NOTCH.

New Profile House, C. H. Greenleaf, Pres.,	500	6.00	35.00 up
Flume House, S.H.Bigelow, Pres.,	100	4.00	17.50 up

FRYEBURG, ME.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Evans' Cottage, A. H. Evans,	30	1.50	7.00-10.00
Alumni House, Mrs. B. Page,	30	1.50,	7.00-10.00
The Argunot, Mrs. F. Thoms,	40	2.50-3.00	12.00-15.00
McKeen House, Mrs. C. McKeen,	20	1.50 up	7.00-10.00
Frye House, Miss B. F. Buzzell,	16	1.50-2.00	7.00-12.00

GILEAD, ME.

Bennett's Tavern, J. W. Bennett,			7.00
Cloverdale Farm, E. R. Bennett,			5.00
Mrs. D. C. Sary,	20		5.00-7.00

GORHAM.

Alpine House, G. D. Stratton,	150	2.00-3.00	10.00-15.00
Randolph Hill House, C. E. Lowe,	100	1.50	6.00-10.00
Mt. Madison Hse., C. W. Chandler,	250	3.00-3 50	18.00-25.00
Grove Cottage, Chas. E. Philbrooks,	25	1.50	6.00-10.00
Mt. View House, M. T. Mahoney,	75	1.50	7.00-10.00
Willis House, J. R. Evans,	50	2.50	10.50-12.00
Ravine House, S. M. Watson,	75	1.50	6.00-10.00
Mt. Crescent House, J. H. Boothman,	60	2.50	12.00-16.00

GROVETON.

Melcher House, E. E. Tibbetts,	75	2 00	7.00-14.00
Eagle Hotel, I. G. Giberson,	40	2.00	4.00-10.00
Union House, D. J. McConnell,	20	1.00	3.50-4.00
Groveton Tavern, F. W. Tibbetts,	50	2.00	10.50

GUILDHALL, VT.

Central House,	25		3.00-5.00

HARRISON, ME.

Elms Inn, David Kneeland,	50	2.00	10.00-14.00
Crystal Lake House, J. C. Edgerley,	50	2.00	7.00-12.00
Floral Lawn Farm, W. H. Briggs,	8		On application
Lakeside, Mrs. Joseph McAllister,		1.50-2.00	7.00-8.00
Coffin's Hotel, W. D. Coffin,	20	2.00	10.00

HAVERHILL.

Gibson House, W. A. Gibson,	25	2.00	7.00-10.00

HIRAM BRIDGE, ME.

Mt. Cutler House, A. V. Dow,	50		10.00
Mountain View Farm, E. C. Wadsworth,	30	1.50	8.00
Wadsworth Hall, J. B. Pike,	20	1.00	5.00-7.00
Elevato Cottage, A. Kimball,	10		5.00-8.00
Private House, Alvina Lane,	10		5.00-8.00

HOLDERNESS.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Mt. Livermore Estate, Mrs. B. F. Jewell,	200	2.50	10.50-21.00
The Asquam, H. F. Dorr,	100	3.00-4.00	14.00-28.00
The Beech Park, H. C. Ethridge,	25	2.50	10.50-15 50
Central House, J. S. Davison,	60	3.00 up	9.00-15.00
Hillside Cottage, Mrs. R. E. Estes,	40	1.50	7.00-10.00
Mt. Morgan Mineral Spring House, E. C. Bennett,	30	1.50	8.00-9.00
The Homestead, Mrs. F. Boynton,	10	1.00	6.00

INTERVALE.

Elmwood Inn and Cottage, W. M. Wyman,	50	2.50	10.00-17.50
Fairview House, W. D. Tasker,	60	2.50-3.50	10.00-15.00
Intervale Farm, F. A. Carlton,	12		7.00-10.00
Intervale House, H. S. Mudgett,	200	3.50-5.00	17.50-35.00
Maple Villa, G. E. Gale,	50	2.00-2.50	12.00-18.00
Pendexter Mansion and Cottage, P. & C. P. P. Drown,	70	2.00-3.00	12.50-20.00
Pitman Hall, W. Pitman,	100	2.50-3.50	12.50-2100
The Bellevue and Annex, J. A. Barnes' Sons,	125	3.00 up	17.50 up
Forest House, D. D. Carlton,	25	1.50-2.00	8.00-10.00
The Langdon, J. L. Pendexter,	50	2.00-2.50	8.00-16.00
The Pequawket, C. C. Small,	50	2.50-3.00	12.00-18.00

ISLAND POND, VT.

Stewart House, William A Richardson,	150		9.00-14.00

JACKSON.

Wentworth Hall and Cottages, J. N. Berry,	275	5.00 up	35.00 up
Gray's Inn and Cottages, C. W. Gray,	200	2.50 up	15.00 up
Glen Ellis House, H. A. Thompson,	125	2.50	12.00 up
Eagle Mountain House, C. E. Gale & Son,	125	2.50-4.00	12.00-21.00
Iron Mt. House, W. A. Meserve,	125	3.00-4.50	15.00-42.00
Jackson Falls House, Trickey Bros.,	100	2.50-3.00	12.00-21.00
Perkins Cottage, C. B. Perkins,	30	2.00	8.00-12.00
Cliff Cottage, C. F. Perkins,	25	1.50	5.00-8.00
Hawthorne Cottage, J. E. Meserve,	75	2.00	12.00-14.00
Fernald Cottage, O. F. Fernald,	25	1.50	7.00-9.00
Pleasant Valley Hall, Thos. H. Brooks,	50	2.00-3.00	Apply
Wilson Cottage, M. A. Proctor,	75	2.00-2.50	9.00-12.00

(Stage from Glen Station, Maine Central R. R.)

JEFFERSON.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
The Waumbek and Cottages, A. W. Hodgdon, Mgr.,	500	5.00	28.00 up
Cold Spring House, Wm. Crawford,	50	2.00	10.00-15.00
Grand View House, Mrs. E. Harris,	45	2.50-3.00	15.00-20.00
Hillside Farm, M. M. Davenport & Son,	35	2.00	9.00-12.00
The Lookoff, Hight Bros.,	30	1.50	7.00-10.00
Cloverdale Cottage, L. D. Kennison,	30	2.00	On application
Highland House, J. L. Pottle & Son,	65	2.50-3.00	18.00 up

JEFFERSON HIGHLANDS.

Mt. Adams House, J. W. Crawshaw,	60	2.00	10.00-15.00
Crawford House, E. A. Crawford & Son,	60		8.00-12.00
Pliny Range Pouse, Geo. W. Crawford & Son,	75	2.50	9.00-15.00
Highland House, T. L. Pottle & Son,	60	2.50-3.00	12.00 up

KEARSARGE VILLAGE.

Russell Cottages, Mrs. G. W. Russell,	125	2.50-3.50	15.00 up
Abbott Farm, H. E. Bean,	25	1.50	8.00-10.00
Birchmere Farm, J. L. Nute,	18	1.25	6.00-8.00
Brookside Cottage, L. C. Barnes,	20	1.50	7.00-10.00
Mountain View Farm, Mrs. W. H. Eastman,	20	1.00	6.00-7.00
Rockfield Farm, G. W. Eastman,	15	1.00	6.00-7.00
The Arcadian, Mrs. M. E. McIntire,	30	1.50	8.00-10.00

LACONIA.

Bay View House, R. A. Lappin,	60	2.50-3.00	12.00-17.00
Davis House, N. S. Davis,	25	1.00	7.00
Eagle Hotel, L. B. Woodman,	50	2.50-3.00	14.00 up
Grand View House, O. C. Johnson,	35	2.00	10.00-12.00
Lakeview Inn, J. L. Bennett,	40	2.00	8.00-10.00
New City Hotel, F. O. Wallace,	100	2.00	7.00-10.00
The Ewebin Inn, R. A. Lappin,	60	2.50-3.00	12.00-17.00
Watson Farm, L. W. Downing & Son,	15		5.00-7.00

LANCASTER.

Elmwood, F. Holton,	15	2.50	10.00-15.00
Grovedale Farm House, F. C. Leavitt,	20		7.00
Lancaster House, C. Marshall & Co.,	150	2.50-3.50	12.00-21.00
Mansion House, W. C. Prouty,	75	2.00	10.50-14.00
Woodlawn Farm, S. M. Carter,	15		7.00-10.00

LISBON.

Breezy Hill House, E. Fish,	85	2.00-3.00	10.00 up
Foster Cottage, Mrs. J. L. Foster,	15	2.00	7.00-8.00
Hotel Moulton, T. W. Glover,	50	2.50-3.00	12.00-18.00
Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill, R. P. Peckett,	30	3.00-4.00	28.00-42.00

LITTLETON.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Birch Rock Farm, C. E. Baker,	10	1.25	7.00-8.00
Chiswick Inn, J. M. Robinson & Son,	80	2.00 up	10.00 up
Dexter Farm, W. Dexter,	12	1.00-1.50	6.00-9.00
Hillside Cottage, E. R. Glover,	12	1.25	7.00-9.00
Maple Cottage, Mrs. Annie Burnham,	15	1.25	8.00-10.00
Tamarack Terrace, Mrs. D. W. Lane,	20	1.50	7.00-12.00
Thayer's Hotel, F. C. Sheldon,	75	2.50-3.50	14.00-21.00
The Elliott Hall, Mrs. S. R. Elliott,	20	3.50	17.00-20.00
The Elms, C. W. Gleed,	10	1.00	7.00
The Maples, M. F. Young,	50	2.50-3.00	10.50-21.00
Wheeler Hill Cottage, J. R. Lyster,	20	1.00	5.00-7.00
Willow Farm, F. P. Cheney,	10	1.50	7.00-9.00
Woodside House, A. D. Fisher,	25	1.25	8.00

LONG ISLAND (Lake Winnepesaukee).

Long Island House, Brown & Chapman,	50	2.00	8.00-12.00
Tip Top House, Miss M. Wentworth,	18	1.00	5.00-6.00

LOVELL, ME.

The Maples, J. B. Kimball,	10	1.50	10.00
Fairview Hotel, A. A. Stearns,	35	1.00	7.00

(*Stage from Fryeburg.*)

LOWER BARTLETT.

Pitman Hall, W. Pitman,	75	2.00	8.00-12.00
Pequawket House, C. C. Small,	50	1.50	7.00-12.00
Maple Villa, G. E. Gale,	25	1.50-2.50	7.00-12.00
Cedarcroft, N. B. Russell,	20	1.25	6.00-9.00

(*Reached via Intervale.*)

LUNENBURG, VT.

Lunenburg Heights House,	50	2.00	7.00-12.00

MAPLEWOOD.

(*See Bethlehem.*)

MELVIN VILLAGE.

Brookside Cottage, C. H. Hodgdon,	15	1.00	7.00
Copp Farm, Geo. W. Copp,	20	1.00	7.00
Fernald House, H. E. Fernald,	35	1.50	9.00
Horne Farm, Mrs. F. E. Horne,	80	2.00	8.00-10.00
The Wawbeek, L. D. Blaisdell,	80	2.00	8.00-12.00

MEREDITH VILLAGE.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Ballard House, W. W. Ballard,	20	1.00	7.00-8.00
Clover Ridge Farm, M. C. Brown,	20	1.00	6.00-7.00
Elm Hotel, E. C. Hibbard,	50	2.00	8.00-14.00
Grampian House, James R. Lovett,	35	1.50	7.00-10.00
Granite Rocks House, A. M. Avery,	18	1.50	7.00-9.00
Maple House, J. C. Dockham,	14	1.25	7.00
Oakhurst, Mrs. G. W. Lorey,	20	2.00	7.00-12.00
Prospect House, H. W. Lincoln,	40	1.25-2.00	8.00-10.00
The Ferns, J. W. Clough,	15	1.25	7.00-9.00
The Maples, A. S. Clough,	20	1.50	7.00-10.00
The Maplehurst, Mrs. M. C. Clark,	30	1.00	

MERIDEN

Dexter Richards Hall, F. M. Howe,	60	2.00	8.00-15.00

MOULTONBORO.

Elm Brook Farm, F. L. Davis,	30	1.50	7.00-10.00
Prospect Cottage, W. O. Robinson,	35	1.50	7.00-9.00
Red Oaks, E. C. Kent,	25	1.25	7.50-10.00
The Homestead, G. A. Blanchard,	20	2.00	7.00-8.00
The Pleasantdale, Ernest E. Davis,	25	1.50	7.00-10.00
Tilton House, Tilton & Haley,	25	1.00	6.00-8.00
Winnepesaukee Inn, F. A. & J. A. Greene,	160	2.50	15.00

MT. WASHINGTON.

Old Tip Top House,	Open for shelter and meals during
Barron, Merrill & Barron,	day only

NAPLES, ME.

Bay of Naples Inn, A. C. Brooks,	250	4.00 up	24.50 up
Crockett House,* L. P. Crockett,	50	1.50-2.00	7.00-10.00
Hotel Locust, G. N. Mann,	25	1.00-1.50	7.00-10.00
Hotel Naples, G. M. Day,	50	2.00	8.00-12.50
Lake House and Annex,			
S. L. Wentworth,	125	2.00	14.00-18.00
Pine Grove Farm House,			
J. E. Barker,	30	1.50	7.00-9.00
(* P. O. South Naples, Me.)			

NORTH BRIDGTON, ME.

Arcade, S. L. Monk,	50	1.50	7.00-10.00
The Songo, S. D. Meserve & Son,	40	3.00-4.00	14.00-25.00

NEWBURY, VT.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Newport House, F. E. Hapgood,	50	2.00-2.50	Special
The Raymond, D. W. Sisco,	30	2.00-2.50	14.00

NEWFIELD, ME.

Mountain Echo Farm, W. E. Lord,	10		5.00

NORTH CONWAY.

Center Villa, F. G. Eastman,	40	2.00	7.00-12.00
Echo Farm, A. E. H. Brooks,	20	1.00	7.00
Edgewood Cottage, G. F. Wolcott,	40	2.00-2.50	10.00-15.00
Hotel Randall, H. H. Randall,	100	3.00-5.00	14.00-28.00
Kearsarge Hall, Mrs. L. J. Ricker,	50	2.50	10.00-15.00
Ledge View House, I. C. Davis,	20	2.00	8.00-12.00
Moat Mt. House and Spencer Cottage, J. C. Eastman & Sons,	50	2.00-3.00	10.00-20.00
Mt. View House, Mrs. J. Hunter,	20	2.00	10.00-14.00
The Kearsarge, Raymond & Whitcomb Co., J. L. Gibson, Mgr.,	250	4.00 up	25.00 up
The Lucy Farm, Fred Lucy,	30	2.50	8.00-12.00
The Moat View, W. H. Eastman,	75	2.00-2.50	8.00-14.00
The Sunset, M. L. Mason,	100	3.00	12.50-21.00
White Horse Villa Farm, Mrs. Perry Smith,	60	1.50	8.00-10.00

(*See also Intervale, Kearsarge and Lower Bartlett*)

NORTH STRATFORD.

Hotel Atkinson,	40	2.00	10.00
Hotel Daley,	20	1.00	6.00

NORTH WOODSTOCK.

Deer Park Hotel, H. W. Sanborn,	200	4.00	15.00-28.00
Fairview House, A. W. Sawyer,	100	2.50-3.00	12.00-20.00
Mount Adams, J. G. Donahue,	100	2.50	10.00 up
Mountain Park House, W.E.Merrill,	50	2.50	10.00-15.00
Mt. View House, H. S. Sanborn,	125	2.00	9.00-15.00
Pine Ridge House, T. L. Stewart,	15	2.75	12.00-20.00
Russell House, Jennie Russell & Co.,	75	2.50	9.00-15.00
The Alpine, J. H. Bachelder,	300	3.50-5.00	15.00-35.00
Maplewood Cottage, Mrs. I.E.Clark,	50	2.50 up	9.00-16.00

OSSIPEE.

Cloudland, W. S. Chase,	18	1.25	7.00
Carroll Inn, W. E. Wiggin,	50	2.00 up	10.00-20.00
Maplehurst Farm, Mrs. A. D. Leighton,	15	1.50	7.00-12.00
Maplewood Cottage, Mrs. Edna Lord,	20	1.25	7.00
Mountain Side Farm, Mrs. A. P. Evitts,	20	1.00-2.00	7.00-12.00
Pocket Mt. Farm, Mrs. H. P. Harding,	20	2.00	6.00-12.00
Roland Park House, L. L. Farnham,	20		On application

PLYMOUTH.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Intervale Farm, J. Ahern & Son,	25	1.50	7.00-8.00
Mountain View House, D. H. Sawyer.	12	1.25	7.00-10.00
Pineland Farm, Mrs. D. P. Pollard,	10	1.00	6.00-7.00
Pine Grove Farm, J. R. Downing,	12	1.00	6.00
The Elmwood, F. H. Caldon,	30	2.00	10.00-14.00
The Riverview, C. H. Schofield,	25	2.00	7.00-10.00
The Villa, Mrs. E. G. Sargent,	12	1.50	Special
Tyler House, W. B. Hutchins,	35	2.00-2.50	12.00-14.00

RANDOLPH.

Mountain View House, Mrs. S. A. Boothman,	40	1.50	8.00-10.00
Mt. Crescent House, J. H. Boothman,	75	2.50	12.00-16.00
Ravine House, C. B. Bridgman,	1.50	3.00 up	21.00 up

RUMNEY.

Emerson House, Mrs. M. M. Emerson,	12	1.00	6.00
Welcome House, J. Roberts,	20	1.00	5.00-7.00

SANDWICH.

Maplewood Cottage, A. M. Graves,	30	1.00	6.00-9.00
Rockmere Farm, Frank E. Tilton,	25	1.00	5.00-6.00
Twin Maple Cottage, A. L. Vittum,	20	1.00	6.00
Way Side Farm, C. A. Forssius,	16	1.25	7.00-9.00

(*Stage from Center Harbor.*)

SEBAGO LAKE, ME.

Sebago Lake House, C. V. Colclough,	50	2.25	10.00 up
The Chadbourne, H. F. Roberts,	32	2.00	10.00-12.00
Victoria Cottage, F. H. Hopkinson,	40	2.00 up	10.00 up
Boarding House, Asa Weeman,	15	1.00	6.00-8.00
Dyke Mt. Farm, G. L. Dyke,	60	2.00-3.00	12.00 up
Hillside Farm, C. F. Irish & Son,	20	1.00	6.00-8.00
West Shore Camps, A. L. Brackett,	40	1.50-2.00	10.00-12.00

SHELBURNE.

Gates Cottage, Miss S. A. Gates,	30	2.00	8.00-12.00
Grove Cottage, C. M. Philbrook,	30	2.00	6.00-12.00
Shelburne Spring House, S. J. Morse,	50	1.50	7.00-9.00
Gates Cottage, Miss S. A. Gates,	25	2.00	8.00-12.00

SUGAR HILL.

Breezy Hill House, E. Fish,	85	2.00-3.00	10.00 up
Highland Farm House, W. D. Smith,	25	1.50	8.00-12.00
Hildreth Maple Sugar Farm, Hildreth & Dexter,	15		8.00-10.00
Peckett's on Sugar Hill, R. P. Peckett,	50	5.00 up	35.00 up

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Hill Rest and Cottages, H. M. Smith,	40	2.50	10.00-15.00
Miramonte Inn, A. B. Atwood,	75	3.00	14.00-20.00
Peckett's-on-Sugar Hill, R. P. Peckett,	30	3.00-4.00	28.00-42.00
Sunset Hill House,			
Bowles & Hoskins Co.,	325	4.00	17.50-28.00
The Echoes, A. E. Jesseman,	50	2.00-3.00	8.00-15.00
The Homestead, Simon Bowles,	40	2.00	8.00-15.00
The Jessemine, Mrs. L. J. Jesseman,	30	2.00	9.00-13.00
The Mt. Lookoff, A. E. Stafford,	150	3.00 up	Special
TAMWORTH.			
Arling Farm Lodge, Frank Arling,	30	1.50-2.00	7.00-8.00
Hotel Tamworth, J. H. Martin,	75	2.00	7.00-10.00
Mountain Park Cottage, G. H. Huntress,	14	1.50	6.00-8.00
Swift River House, H. L. Wiggin,	20	1.25	7.00-8.00
The Maples, Mrs. C. P. Johnson,	16	2.00	7.00-9.00
The Pines, Mrs. A. W. Fisher,	30	2.00	8.00-12.00
TUFTONBORO.			
Canney Ridge Farm, L. C. Canney,	16	1.00	5.00-6.00
Cedar Mountain House,			
Mrs. A. M. Guppy,	25	1.00	5.00-6.00
Echo Farm, A. M. Bean,	18	1.00	6.00-7.00
TWIN MOUNTAIN STATION.			
Burbank Cottage, M. A. Sheehe,	60	2.50	12.00-15.00
Elmwood, John Paige,	25	2.00	8.00-10.00
McMillan House, Mrs. D. McMillan,	40	2.00	7.00-10.00
Pleasant View Cottage, Mrs. C. S. Miles,	10	1.00	7.00
Rosebrook Inn, J. F. Whalen,	50	2.00	10.00-12.00
The Maples, J. A. Mulleavey,	35	2.50	9.00-12.00
Twin Mountain House,			
The Barron, Merrill & Barron Co.,	180	4.00 up	17.50 up
Twin Mountain House Annex,			
The Barron, Merrill & Barron Co.,			14.00 up
UNION.			
Whip-poor-will Farm, Mrs. P. E. Hall,	30	1.00	6.00-7.00
WARREN.			
Hillside Farm, G. C. Eastman,	18	1.00	6.00-7.00
Merrill's Mountain House, A. L. Merrill,	35	1.50	7.00-10.00
Sunrise Farm, Geo. N. Boynton,	10	1.00	6.00-10.00
Tip Top House (Mt. Moosilauke),			
M. T. Clement,	50	3.00	14.00 up
The Moosilauke Inn, A. E. Morse,	125	3.00-3.50	14.00-21.00

WATERVILLE.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Elliott's Hotel, D. F. Austin,	200	3.00	17.50

WELLS RIVER, VT.

Hale's Tavern, J. F. Hale,	75	2.50-3.00	10.50-21.00

WENTWORTH.

Burnham House, I. M. Burnham,	30	1.50	7.00
Maple Cottage, F. D. Ellsworth,	15		5.00-7.00
Mt. Carr House, Mrs. E. Pillsbury,	24	1.00	5.00-8.00
Mountain View House, Mrs. E. Richardson,	20	1.50	7.00
Webster House, F. E. Webster,	16		6.00-9.00

WEST CAMPTON.

The Maples, C. G. Avery,	30	1.50	7.00-10.00

WEST THORNTON.

Echo Cottage Farm, W. H. Weeks,	10	1.00	4.00-7.00
Green Mountain Farm, Mrs. E. F. Woodbury,	14	1.00	5.00-7.00
Maple Grove House, S. D. Fadden,	35	1.00	5.00-7.00

WATERFORD, ME.

Boarding House, S. H. Abbott,	10	1.00	5.00-7.00
Boarding House, Mrs. F. A. Plummer,	10	1.50	7.00-10.00
Lake Home, E. M. Dudley,	75	2.00	9.00 up
Hillside Cottage, F. A. Noble,	15	1.50	7.00-10.00
Wilkins Cottage, Mrs. E. Wilkins,	20	1.50	5.00-8.00

WEIRS.

Chateau de Lis, Farr & Allen,	50	1.50-2.50	7.00-12.00
Eagle Cottage, Mrs. S. L. Mitchell,	20	1.50	7.00-10.00
Endicott House, F. E. Moore,	30	1.00	7.00
Fernside Cottage, Mrs. J. E. Avery,	25	1.00	5.00
Lake Shore Farm, Mrs. F. P. Wilkinson,	25	1.50	8.00-9.00
Lake Shore Camp Lodge, Geo. H. Wil is, Mgr.,	100	2.00	9.00 up
Lakeside House, G. W. Weeks,	150	3.00	12.00 up
Lakeview House, J. N. W. Kennon,	50	2.00	8.00-12.00
New Hotel Weirs, F. H. Lancaster, Mgr.	300	3.00	18.00
Story's Tavern and Annex, D. B. Story,	100	2.00	8.00-12.00
The Pleasant View, J. N. W. Kennon,	50	1.50	7.00-10.00
Wadleigh Farm, E. C. Hayward,	12	1.00-1.50	7.00-10.00
Winnecoette House, Geo. W. Weeks,	50	3.00	12.00 up
Winnepesaukee Cottage, Belle F. Elliott,	50	1.25-1.75	8.00-10.00

WEST OSSIPEE.

Houses and Proprietors.	*Capacity.*	*Per Day.*	*Per Week.*
Chocorua House, M. E. Robertson,	100	2.00-2.50	9.00-14.00
Camp Ossipee, H. B. Young, Mgr.,	100	2.50-3.00	15.00-18.00
Lakeside Cottage, Mrs. M. E. Moran,	14	2.00	10.00
Mt. Whittier House, C. W. White,	30	1.50	6.00-8.00
Woodbine Cottage, Mrs. N. H. Varney,	15	1.50	7.00

WHITEFIELD.

Fiske House, H. L. Hunt,	100	2.50	14.00 up
Grand View Cottage, Mrs. A. B. Colby,	15	1.00	7.00
Lindsay's Inn, R. P. Lindsay,	50	2.50-3.00	14.00
Locust Cottage, E. H. Parker,	35	2.00	10.00-12.00
Mountain View House, W. F. Dodge & Son,	200	5.00 up	28.00 up
Overlook, A. W. Bowles,	60	2.50-3.00	12.00-18.00
Pondicherry Lodge, Merrill Bros.,	15	1.50-2.00	8.00-15.00
The Elms, J. S. Reynolds,	25	2.00	10.00-14.00

WOLFBORO.

Bonny View Farm, F. A. Doe,	20	1.25	6.00-8.00
Camp, Capt. W. D. Horne,	20	1.50	10.00
Chamberlin's Farm, Lilla M. Chamberlin,	10	1.00	5.00-6.00
Cotton Homestead, J. C. Cotton,	12	1.50	7.00-8.00
Edgerley Farm, J. A. Edgerley,	50	1.50	8.00-12.00
Glen Cottage, Mrs. Levi Horne,	40	Rooms only	
Golden Rule Farm, Miss E. F. Mason,	18	1.00	6.00
Haines Farm, Mrs. A. Haines,	30	1.50	7.00-9.00
Hersey Farm, J. H. Hersey,	14	1.00	6.00-7.00
Hillhurst Cottage, H. B. Tibbetts,	14	1.00	7.00
Hotel Elmwood, M. Cronin,	150	2.00-3.00	10.50-18.00
Johnson's Cottage, Mrs. C. Johnson,	10	1.00	7.00
Lake and Mountain House, Mrs. Ida M. Morgan,	14	1.00	5.00-6.00
Mountain House, D. J. Cotton,	20	1.00	7.00
Oak Cottage, Mrs. A. F. Dickson,	8		6.00-7.00
Point Breeze, C. H. Stevens,	90	2.00	8.00-10.00
Sheridan House, W. E. Wiggin,	100	2.00 up	10.00-17.00
The Elms, S. A. Meader,	20	1.25	7.00-10.00

WOODSTOCK.

Barron Mt. House, C. C. Griffin,	15	1.50	5.00-7.00
Fern Hill Farm, S. G. Sawyer,	14	1.50	6.00-8.00
The Homestead Farm, A. B. Sawyer,	30	2.00	7.00-9.00
The Woodlands, Nelson W. Brown,	18	1.00-1.50	6.00-8.00

WOODSVILLE.

Hotel Wentworth, W. F. Wormwood,	100	3.00 up	Apply
Central House, F. M. Valley,	50	2.00	6.00-9.00

DISTANCES IN MILES

From the Chief Mountain and Lake Resorts to Neighboring Places of Interest.

ALTON BAY to

Alton, 1½; Sheep Mountain, 3½; Prospect Hill, 4; Mount Belknap, 13½; Lougee Pond, 7; Merry-Meeting Lake, 7; Wolfeborough (by road) 11, (by lake) 10.

BERLIN FALLS to

Gorham, 6; Alpine Cascades, 1½; Mount Forist, 1½; Berlin Heights, 4½; Milan Corner, 8.

BETHEL to

Paradise Hill, 1¼; Sunset Rock, 1½; Songo Pond, 4; Bryant's Pond, 9; Albany Basins, 12; Crystal Ledge, 12; Screw-Auger Falls, 15; Rumford Falls, 22; Lake Umbagog, 27.

BETHLEHEM to

Bethlehem Junction, 3; Cruft's Ledge, 2; Watson's Farm, 3; Wallace Hill, 3½; Kimball Hill, 5; Sugar Hill, 7½; New Profile House, 10; Whitefield, 8; Lancaster, 16; Jefferson Hill, 15; Littleton, 5; Crawford House, 17; Mount Washington, 22.

BRIDGTON to

Bridgton Landing, 1; Heights Circuit, 7; Waterford, 9; Moose-Pond Circuit, 8; Mount Pleasant, 10; Naples, 9; Wood's Pond, 3½; Fryeburg, 14; Hiram Junction, 16.

CAMPTON VILLAGE to

Mill-Brook Cascades, 6; West Campton, 2; Plymouth, 5½

CENTRE HARBOR to

Sunset Hill, 1; Centre-Harbor Hill, 1; Red Hill, 6; Squam Lake, 2; Meredith, 5; Long Island, 8; Rollins Hill, 7; Centre Sandwich, 8; Ossipee Falls, 10; Plymouth, 14; West Ossipee, 18; Melvin Village, 12; Moultonborough Corner, 5.

CONWAY CORNER to

North Conway, 5; Allard's Hill, 2; Washington Boulder, 1; Buttermilk Hollow, 6; Echo Lake, 5; Potter's Farm, 7; Fryeburg, 8; Chocorua Lake, 9; Swift-River Falls, 8; Champney Falls, 10; Swift-River Intervale, 14; White-Mountain Mineral Spring, 2.

COLEBROOK to

Dixfield Notch, 8.

THE CRAWFORD HOUSE to

The Gate of the Notch, ¼; the Profile, ½; Gibbs's Falls, ½; Beecher's Cascades, ½; Pulpit Rock, ½; Flume Cascade, ¾; Silver Cascade, 1; Elephant's Head, ¼; Mount Willard, 2; Hitchcock Flume, 2; Willey House, 3; Ripley Falls, 6; Arethusa Falls, 7½; Fabyan House, 4; Mount Washington (by bridle-path) 8½, (by railroad) 13; North Conway, 27.

THE FABYAN HOUSE to

Mount-Pleasant House, ½; White-Mountain House, 1; Lower Ammonoosuc Falls, 1½; Twin-Mountain House, 5; Base of Mount Washington, 6; Summit of Mount Washington, 9; Upper Ammonoosuc Falls, 3½; Bethlehem, 13; New Profile House, 20; North Conway, 31; Jefferson Hill, 12.

THE FLUME HOUSE to

The Pool, ½; The Flume, 1; The Basin, 1½; Mount Pemigewasset, 1½; Georgianna Falls, 3; Tunnel Falls, 2½; Island Falls, 3; Pollards, 4; New Profile House, 5; Plymouth, 24.

FRANCONIA to

Littleton, 5; New Profile House, 6; Sugar Hill, 2½; Bridal-Veil Falls, 7; Kinsman Flume, 7.

FRYEBURG to

Pine Hill, ¼; Stark's Hill, ½; Swan's Falls, 1½; Jockey Cap and Lovewell's Pond, 1; Battle-Ground, 2; Mount Pleasant, 7; North Conway, 10; Lovell, 10; Upper Kezar Pond, 11½; Chatham (Chandler's), 17.

THE GLEN HOUSE to

Garnet Pool, 1; Emerald Pool, 1; The Imp, 2; Thompson's Falls, 2; Crystal Cascade, 3½; Tuckerman's Ravine, 5; Glen-Ellis Falls, 4; Summit of Mount Washington, 8½; Gorham, 8; Jackson, 12; Glen Station, 15½; North Conway, 20; Jefferson Hill, 26; Summit of Mount Madison, 4; Carter Notch, 4; Osgood's Cascades, 1¼.

GORHAM to

Randolph Hill (Summit), 6½; Berlin Falls, 6; Alpine Cascade, 4½; Lead-Mine Bridge, 4¼; Shelburne, 6; Milan, 14; Mount Moriah, 5; Mount Surprise, 2¼; Mount Hayes, 2; Glen House, 8; Top of Mount Washington, 16½; Jefferson Hill, 17.

GROVETON to

Cape Horn, 3; The Percy Peaks, 5; North Statford, 2; Milan, 19; Lancaster, 12.

HAVERHILL to

Piermont, 4½; Newbury, 3½; Orford, 10; Warren, 12½; Black Mountain, 11½; Top of Moosilauke, 13; Woodsville, 9; Top of Sugar Loaf, 11.

JACKSON to

Glen Station, 3; Thorn Mountain, 3; Iron Mountain, 4; Double Head, 4½; Fernald Farm, 5; Winniweta Falls, 3½; Glen-Ellis Falls, 8; Glen House, 12; Crystal Cascade, 10½; Ponds in Carter Notch, 9; Grant's Ledge, 5; Hillside Circuit, 5; Thorn-Hill Road, 8; Dundee Road, 12; North Conway, 9; The Ledges, 15.

JEFFERSON HILL to

Railroad Station, 2½; Top of Mount Starr King, 1½; Bray Hill, 6; Jefferson Mills, 3; Stag Hollow, 5; Blair's Mills, 8; Lancaster, 8; Gore Road, 8; Whitefield, 11; Dalton, 14½; Fabyan House, 12; Cherry Mountain, 6; Twin-Mountain House, 11; Bethlehem, 18; Mount-Adams House, 5; Gorham, 17; Glen House, 19; North Road, 8.

LACONIA to

Bay-View House, 1½; Gilford, 4; Lake Village, 1½; Gilmanton Academy, 8; Weirs, 6; Mount Belknap,, 8½.

LANCASTER to

Jefferson Mills, 5; Jefferson Hill, 8; Whitefield, 8; Northumberland, 6; Groveton, 10; Lunenburg Heights, 8; Bray Hill, 8; Mount Prospect, 2; Dalton, 9; Lost Nation, 6; Mount Pilot, 10.

LISBON to

Landaff Centre, 3; Parker Hill, 4½; Hunt's Mountain, 8; Sugar Hill, 7; Bath, 5; New Profile House, 15.

LITTLETON to

Bethlehem, 5; Franconia, 6; Howland Observatory, 9; New Profile House, 11; Mann's Hill, 2; Mount Misery, 5; Eustis Hill, 1½; Waterford, 5; Upper Waterford, 6; Gilmanton Hill, 2; Around the Heater, 3.

LOWER BARTLETT to

Jackson, 4; Around the Square, 7; North Conway, 4; Iron Mountain, 4; Echo Lake, 7; Thorn Hill, 3; Bartlett Boulder, 3; Dundee Road, 10.

MELVIN VILLAGE to

Wolfeborough, 10; Mackerel Corner, 4; Moultonborough, 8; Ossipee Falls, 4; Moultonborough Mineral Spring, 4.

MEREDITH VILLAGE to

Centre Harbor, 5; Prospect House, 3; Waukawan Lake, 1½; Weirs, 4; Plymouth, 14.

MOOSILAUKE to

Base of Mountain Road, 4 1-3; Warren, 10; Warren Summit, 5; Haverhill, 13; Head of Slide, ½; Newbury, Vt., 16; Franconia Iron Works, 17½.

MOULTONBOROUGH CORNER to

Centre Sandwich, 4½; Centre Harbor, 5; Ossipee Falls, 5; Whittier Peak, 5; Tuftonborough Corner, 10; Tamworth, 12; West Ossipee, 13.

NEWBURY (Vt.) to

Mount Pulaski, ¾; Montebello Sulphur and Iron Springs, ½; Wells River, 5; Haverhill, 3½; Bradford, 7½; Tops of Black Mountain and Sugar Loaf, 15½; Top of Moosilauke, 16; Wright's Mountain, 8; New Profile House, 25.

NORTH CONWAY to

Artist's Falls, 1½; Forest Glen Mineral Spring, 1½; McMillan House, 1; Kiarsarge Village, 1½; The Intervale, 1½; Around the Square, 5; Thompson's Falls, 4; Diana's Baths, 3; Cathedral, 2½; Echo Lake, 2½; Top of Moat Mountain (by path), 6½; Top of Kiarsarge (by path), 4½; Middle Mountain (by path), 3; Artist's Ledge, 2; Top of Peaked Mountain, 2½; Jackson Falls, 9; Bartlett Boulder, 7; Washington Boulder, 6; Conway Corner, 5; Thorn-Hill Drive, 9; Ridge Ride, 8; Dundee Road, 12; Fryeburg, 10; Carter Notch, 14; Glen-Ellis Falls, 16; Humphrey's Ledge, 14; Chocorua Lake, 18; Buttermilk Hollow, 10; Sligo, 13; Swift-River Falls, 18; Potter's Farm (Walker's Pond), 12; Allard's Hill, 7; White-Mountain Mineral Spring, 4.

ORFORD to

Top of Mount Cuba, 9; Wentworth, 13; Piermont, 5½; Seven Pines, ½; Fairlee Pond, 1½.

PLYMOUTH to

Trinity Church, Holderness, 1½; Mount Prospect, 4½; Livermore Falls, 2; Squam Lake, 7; Around Plymouth Mountain, 10; Centre Harbor, 12; Bridgewater, 6; Campton Village, 5½; Rumney, 7; Newfound Lake, 9; Loon Pond, 9; West Campton, 7; Waterville, 18; Thornton Centre, 12; Woodstock, 16; New Profile House, 29.

NEW PROFILE HOUSE to

The Profile and Profile Lake, ½; Echo Lake, ¾; Lonesome Lake, 3; Top of Mount Cannon, 2; Top of Bald Mountain, 2; Top of Mount Lafayette, 3¾; Walker's Falls, 3; Island Falls, 5; The Basin, 3½; The Flume House, 5; The Flume, 6; Franconia Iron-Works, 5¾; Sugar Hill, 8; Bethlehem Junction, 9½; Top of Mount Washington, 29; Littleton, 11.

RUMNEY to

Top of Mount Stinson, 3; of Rattlesnake Mountain, 2½; Ellsworth, 6; Wentworth, 8.

SANDWICH (Centre) to

Squam Lake, 3; Red-Hill Pond, 1½; Bearcamp Pond, 4½; Moultonborough Corner, 4½; Centre Harbor, 8; Thornton Street (through Sandwich Notch), 12; Tamworth, 10.

TAMWORTH VILLAGE to

Ordination Rock, 1; Top of Chocorua, 8; Marston Hill, 1½; Chocorua Lake, 4½; Centre Sandwich, 10; West Ossipee, 4.

TWIN-MOUNTAIN HOUSE to

Fabyan House, 5; Jefferson Hill, 13; Whitefield, 8; Crawford House, 9; Lancaster, 16; Cherry Mountain Path, 8.

UPPER BARTLETT to

(By road) Lower Bartlett, 7¼; Bemis, 5¼; North Conway, 12¼; Top of Bear Mountain, 3; of Mount Langdon, 2; Mount Tremont, 3.

WARREN to

Ore Hill, 3½; Wentworth, 5; Breezy-Point House, 4; Piermont, 9½; Haverhill, 9½; Top of Moosilauke, 10.

WATERVILLE to

Top of Osceola, 4 1-6; of Tecumseh, 3 1-16; of Black Mountain (Sandwich Dome), 5¼; Greeley Ponds, 4; The Waterville Flume, 3½; The Cascade, 1½; Campton, 11; Plymouth, 18; Upper Batrlett, 15; Flat-Mountain Pond, 5; Foot of the Tripyramid Slide, 2; Top of Tripyramid, 4½; Top of Noon Peak, 3¼; Top of Jennings Peak, 4¼.

WEST OSSIPPEE to

North Conway, 16; Centre Harbor, 18; South Tamworth, 6; Ossipee Lake, 4; Tamworth Village, 4; Silver Lake, 2½; Madison, 4; Chocorua Lake, 6.

WHITEFIELD to

Mountain-View House, 3½; Cherry-Mountain House, 4; Bethlehem, 8; Twin-Mountain House, 8; Howland Observatory, 2; Dalton, 6½; Lancaster. 10.

WOODSTOCK to

The Agassiz Basins, 2; Thornton Gore, 5; Base of Mount Moosilauke, 8; Fox's, 1; Plymouth, 16; Flume House, 8; North Woodstock, 4½.

WOLFBOROUGH to

Copple Crown, 6½; Around the Short Square, 6; Around the Long Square, 12; Alton Bay, 10; Melvin Village, 10; Devil's Den, 8; Tumble Down Dick, 6; Around Smith's Pond, 12; Ossipee Falls, 14.

ALTITUDES

Expressed in Feet, according to the United-States Coast and Geodetic Survey, the New-Hampshire Geological Survey, the Railroad Levellings, Osgood's Guide-Book Reconnaissances, and the Explorations of the Appalachian Mountain Club.

MOUNTAINS.

	Feet.
Abraham,	3,387
Adams,	5,794
Sam Adams Peak (A.),	5,554
John Quincy Adams (A.),	5,384
Foot of Path (A.),	1,430
First Ledges (A.),	4,342
Agassiz,	2,042
Anderson,	4,000
Bald (Franconia) (A.),	2,310
Baldcap (A.),	3,081
Baldface,	3,600
Bear,	3,000
Belknap (A.),	2,394
Piper (A.),	2,063
Black (Waterville) (U.),	3,999
Jennings Peak (A.),	3,587
Sachem Peak (A.),	3,050
Acteon Peak (A.),	2,545
Bald Knob (A.),	2,391
Black (Benton),	3,571
Blue (Maine),	3,200
Blueberry,	2,800
Blue Ridge,	2,000
Bond (G.),	4,650
Boy (A.),	2,278
Bray Hill,	1,637
Campton (A.),	2,879
	Feet.
Cannon (A.),	3,865
Cape Horn,	2,735
Carr,	3,522
Carrigan,	3,678
Carter, North Peak,	4,702
Carter Dome,	4,830
Cherry,	3,670
Owl's Head (A.),	3,302
Chocorua,	3,540
Clay,	5,553
Clinton,	4,320
Cooke's (Campton),	2,236
Copple Crown,	2,100
Crawford,	3,134
Cuba,	2,927
Cushman,	3,326
Deception,	2,193
Dickey,	2,788
Double-Head,	3,120
Duck-Pond,	2,000

	Feet.		Feet.
Eagle Cliff,	3,446	Franklin,	4,904
Field,	4,330	Giant's Stairs,	3,500
Fisher,	3,470	Goose-Eye,	3,200
Flume,	4,500	Green Hills,	2,390
Forist,	1,950	Green's Cliff,	2,058

MOUNTAINS.—Continued.

Green (Effingham),	2,500	Percy, North,	3,336
Green (Waterville),	3,547	Percy, South,	3,149
Guyot,	4,800	Pilot,	3,640
Hancock,	4,420	Pleasant,	4,764
Hitchcock,	3,600	Pleasant (Lancaster),	1,896
Hope,	3,000	Pleasant (Maine),	2,018
Huntington,	3,800	Prospect (Lancaster),	2062
Ingalls,	2,520	Prospect (Plymouth),	2,072
Iron,	2,800	Red Hill,	2,038
Israel,	2,880	Resolution,	3,400
Jackson,	4,100	Royce,	2,600
Jefferson,	5,714	Sandwich Dome,	3,999
Kancamagus,	3,500	Scar Ridge (A.)	3,824
Kiarsarge,	3,251	Squam,	2,162
Kinneo,	3,427	Star King,	3,943
Kinsman,	4,370	Stinson,	2707
Lafayette,	5,259	Sugar-Loaf,	2565
North Peak,	5,081	Stone,	3,376
Eagle Lakes,	4,146	Streaked,	1,756
Eagle-Cliff Notch,	2,990	Table,	3,305
Langdon,	2,460	Tecumseh,	4,105
Liberty,	4,500	Thorn,	....
Lincoln,	5,100	Tin,	1,650
Lowell,	3,850	Tom,	3,200
Madison,	5,365	Tremont,	3,393
Melvin Peak,	2,950	Tripyramid,	4,200
Middle,	1,500	Twins,	5,000
Mist,	2,243	Wallace Hill,	2,124
Moat, North Peak,	3,200	Washington,	6,293
South Peak,	2,700	Nelson's Crag (A.),	5,615
Monroe,	5,384	Lion's Head (A.),	5,016
Little Monroe,	5,220	Edge Huntington's Ravine (A.),	5,432
Moosilauke,	4,811	Boott's Spur,	5,524
Moriah,	4,653	Half-way House,	3,840
Nancy,	3,800	Marshfield,	2563
Osceola,	4,417	Waumbek,	3,910
Ossipee,	2,361	Jacob's Ladder,	5,468
Passaconaway,	4,200		

	Feet.		Feet.
Gulf Tank,	5,800	Whiteface,	4,007
Waternomee,	3,022	Wild-Cat,	4,350
Webster,	4,000	Willard,	2,570
Webster's Slide,	2,210	Willey,	4,300
Wetamoo,	2,546		

ALTITUDES OF NOTCHES.

Carrigan,	2,465	Pinkham,	2,018
Carter,	3,320	Sandwich,	1,754
Dixville,	1,831	Willey,	2,799
Franconia,	2,014	White-Mountain (Crawford),	1,914
Mad-River,	1,815		
New-Zealand,	2,123		

ALTITUDES OF LAKES AND PONDS.

Cherry,	1,200	Saco,	1,880
Clouds, of the,	5,053	Silver,	456
Echo (Franconia),	1,926	Smith's,	540
Greeley,	1,815	Squam,	510
Lonesome,	2,751	Star,	4,890
Long (Whitefield),	950	Stinson,	990
Lougeee,	622	Sunapee,	1,090
Merry-Meeting,	589	Trio,	2,490
Newfound,	597	Umbagog,	1,256
Ossipee,	408	Winnepesaukee,	496-502
Pond of Safety,	1,973	Waukawan,	542
Profile,	1,950		

ALTITUDES OF VILLAGES.

Ashland,	475	Lancaster,	867
Alton Bay,	530	Lisbon,	577
Berlin Falls,	1,035	Littleton (Railroad),	817
Bethlehem,	1,450	Lunenburg Heights,	1,639
Bethlehem Junction,	1,187	Meredith,	542
Campton Village,	594	Moultonborough,	581
Centre Harbor,	553	Newbury,	426
Conway Corner,	466	North Conway,	521
Dalton,	898	North Stratford,	915
Gorham,	812	Orford,	438
Groveton,	901	Ossipee,	642
Haverhill,	710	Plymouth (Railroad),	473
Jackson,	759	Rumney,	520
Jefferson,	1,440	Sandwich,	648
Jericho,	784	Shelburne,	723

	Feet.		Feet.
South Yarmouth,	630	Warren,	736
Sugar Hill,	1,351	Waterville,	1,553
Top of Hill,	1,895	West Ossipee,	428
Thornton,	1,223	Whitefield,	957
Tuftonborough,	889	Woodsville,	448
Upper Bartlett,	664		

ALTITUDES OF HOTELS.

	Feet.		Feet.
Alpine-North Woodstock	1,000	Mount-Adams,	1,648
Blair's,	556	Mountain View,	1,279
Bretton Arms,	1,600	New Profile,	1,974
Central House,	1,428	Oak-Hill,	975
Cherry-Mountain,	1,249	Pollard's,	1,490
Crawford,	1,900	Russell House,	800
Elliott's,	1,036	Sanborn's	571
Fabyan,	1,571	Senter,	553
Flume,	1,431	Sinclair,	1,459
Flume House,	1,400	Starr-King,	1,437
Fox's,	749	The Mount Pleasant	1,650
Franconia,	1,054	The Mount Washington,	1,600
Glen,	1,632	Twin-Mountain,	1,429
Goodnow,	1,334	Wentworth Hall,	1,000
Gray's Inn,	1,000	White-Mountain,	1,556
Intervale House,	500	Willey,	1,323
Maplewood,	1,489		

WINTER SPORTS IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Recreation, like goodly doing,
Hath all seasons for its own.

The popularity of winter sports is evinced by the increasing number of visitors each year to the many hotels which open for a winter season.

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Of the many large parties who sojourn at the various winter resorts is the Appalachian Mountain Club of Massachusetts, of 10 or more members, which makes an annual fortnight pilgrimage to Jackson about the middle of February, this time having been selected as the most favorable for outdoor pleasures, the high sun and lengthening days making conditions best adapted for the long toboggan slides, some of which are nearly a mile long, snowshoeing, skiing, skating, sleighing, hocky, mountain climbing, ice boating, ice polo, etc. In the evenings, after the varied adventures of the day, when the guests are all drawn together by the blazing log hearth fire, numerous forms of entertainment are enjoyed, such as music and dancing, impromptu concerts, card parties, candy pulls, spelling bees, and story telling, in which each participates as inclination prompts.

Houses and Proprietors.	Capacity.	Per Week.
BRIDGTON.		
The Cumberland, L. A. Jack,	75	Apply
BROWNFIELD.		
New Uberty Hotel, Isabel H. Stickney,	25	On application
FRYEBURG.		
Argue-Not-Inn, Mrs. F. W. Thoms,	40	$12.00 to 15.00
Ye Inn, Mrs. B. S. Page,	25	10.00 to 15.00
HARRISON.		
Elms Inn, Mrs. David Kneeland,	25	$9.00 to 12.00
The Hanford, J. F. Washburn,	30	On application
BARTLETT.		
Hotel Howard, Wm. H. Irish,	70	$12.50 to 17.00
CAMPTON.		
Pinecroft, Mrs. Anna Lougee,	15	$7.00 to 10.00
COLEBROOK.		
Monadnock House, W. S. McConnell,	125	$14.00 to 18.00
DIXVILLE NOTCH.		
Balsams Winter Inn, Dixville Notch Corp.,	30	$24.50 and up
FABYANS.		
Fabyan Annex, Barron, Merrill & Barron Co.,	50	$17.50 to 21.00
FRANCONIA.		
Peckett's-on-Sugar-Hill, Robt. P. Pecket,	50	$5.00 and up per day.
GORHAM.		
Mt. Madison House, C. A. Chandler,	35	On application
INTERVALE.		
The Bellevue, J. A. Barnes Sons,	125	$21.00
JACKSON.		
Eagle Mountain House, C. E. Gale and Son,	140	$17.50 to 35.00
Iron Mountain House, W. A. Meserve,	100	15.00 and up
Nestlenook Cottage, F. M. Dinsmore,	20	9.00 to 12.00
Gray's Inn and Cottages, C. W. Gray,	200	15.00 up
JEFFERSON.		
Bellevue Cottage, J. E. Dorr,	10	$12.00 to 15.00
KEARSARGE.		
Russell Cottages, G. W. Russell,	80	$15.00 and up
LITTLETON.		
Chiswick Cottage, N. H. Pearce,	15	$15.00
LANCASTER		
Lancaster House, W. E. Wiggin,	125	$15.00 and up
Meadow Brook Farm, Mrs. C. W. Clark,	15	8.00 to 10.00
NORTH CONWAY.		
Hotel Randall, H. H. Randall,	100	$12.50 to 21.00
Kearsarge Hall, L. J. Ricker,	30	10.00 to 15.00
Lucy Farm, Mrs. Fred Lucy,	30	10.00 to 12.00
NORTH WOODSTOCK.		
Maplewood Cottage, Mrs. Ida E. Clark,	15	$17.50
Mount Adam's Inn, J. G. Donahue,	75	10.00 to 15.00
STARR KING.		
Cold Spring House, W. H. Crawford,	12	$10.00
TWIN MOUNTAIN.		
Rosebrook Inn, John F. Whalen,	50	$8.00 to 10.00
WARREN.		
Hillside House, Geo. C. Eastman,	16	$10.50
WATERVILLE.		
Elliott's Hotel and Cottage, D. S. Austin, Mgr.,	50	$17.50 to 21.00
WOODSTOCK.		
Fern Hill Farm, H. D. Sawyer,	10	$7.00 and 8.00

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Fifty-three beautiful illustrations of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Back shows as a central figure the famous Profile surrounded by a border of the delicate Alpine Sandwort. In each of the four corners appears the State Seal of New Hampshire in colors, Cards are with gilt edges, and put up in attractive and durable telescope cases. A most pleasing and useful souvenir. Cards are produced in the most elegant manner possible.

List of Views

Hearts

1. Jacob's Ladder, Mt. Washington.
2. Above the Clouds, Mt. Washington.
3. Lake of the Clouds, Mt. Washington.
4. Enchanted Woods, North Conway, N. H.
5. Echo Lake and White Horse Ledge, North Conway, N. H.
6. Dian's Baths, North Conway, N. H.
7. Gale River and Mt. Lafayette, showing Snow Cross.
8. Mts. Garfield, Lafayette and Ammonoosuc River, N H.
9. Upper Falls of the Ammonoosuc.
10. Sunset Hill House, Sugar Hill, N. H.

J. Crawford House.
Q. Wentworth Hall, Jackson, N. H.
K. Gray's Inn, Jackson, N. H.

Spades

1. Mt Washington in Winter.
2. Tuckerman's Ravine, Mt. Washington, over Hermit Lake.
3. Mt. Washington, from Intervale, N. H.
4. View on Connecticut River, Lancaster. N. H.
5. Chocorua Mt. and Lake. N. H.
6. The Flume, Franconia, N. H.
7. Littleton and Presidential Range, N. H.
8. Profile Lake and Eagle Cliff.
9. Lake Gloriette and the Balsams, Dixville Notch, N. H.
10. Maplewood Hotel, Maplewood, N. H.

J. From the Maplewood Hotel piaza
Q. The Intervale House, Intervale, N. H.
K. The Kearsarge, North Conway, N. H.

Diamonds

1. Heart of the Notch, showing Willey Brook Bridge.
2. Crawford Notch, from Mt Willard
3. Frankenstein Trestle, Crawford Notch
4. Elephant's Head, Crawford Notch
5. Crawford Notch, One August Day
6. Crawford Notch and Crawford House
7. Great Cut, Gate of Crawford Notch.
8. Crawford House R. R. Station.
9. Bridal Veil Cascade, Mt. Cannon, Franconia M't'ns.
10. The Mt. Pleasant House.

J. The Sinclair, Bethlehem, N. H.
Q The Waumbek Hotel, Jefferson, N. H.
K. Fabyan House, Fabyans, N. H.

Clubs

1. The Flume, Dixville Notch, N. H.
2. Crystal Cascade, Pinkham Notch, N. H.
3. Franconia Mountain, from Summit of Mt. Agassiz.
4. Franconia Notch, N H
5. Eagle Cliff and Profile Road, Franconia Notch, N. H.
6 Bethlehem, from Summit of Mt. Agassiz.
7. Bethlehem Street, West Bethlehem, N. H.
8. Turner's Path to Mt. Agassiz, Bethlehem, N H.
9. Summit of Mt. Agassiz, Bethlehem, N. H.
10 The Mt Washington, Bretton Woods, N. H.

J Office and Parlor of the Mt. Washington Hotel
Q The Deer Park Hotel, North Woodstock, N. H.
K Profile House, Franconia, N. H.
Joker: Tip Top House, Mt. Washington.

For list of views of other Souvenir Playing Card editions--"Maine, the Pine Tree State," "Portland-By-the-Sea,' "Historic Boston," and "Vermont the Green Mountain State," see other advertising pages. Retail price 50c. For sale at hotels and stores, or by mail post-paid on receipt of price from the publishers, CHISHOLM BROTHERS, Portland, Me.

Portland-By-The-Sea

SOUVENIR PLAYING CARDS

Fifty-three beautiful illustrations covering every point of interest in and about the City of Portland, Maine, "The Natural Seaport." Back shows Portland Headlight at Entrance of Portland Harbor and the seals of the State of Maine and the City of Portland. The border shows pine cones, emblematic of the "Pine Tree State" of Maine. Cards are with gilt edges, and put up in durable and attractive telescope cases.

List of Views

Diamonds

1. Union Station, Portland.
2. Whitehead, Cushing's Island, Portland.
3. Ottawa House, Cushing's Island, Portland
4. Gateway to Deering Oaks Park, Portland.
5. Pond, Deering Oaks Park, Portland.
6. Lincoln Park, Old Mill Stone, Portland.
7. Casino, Cape Shore.
8. Cape Theatre, Cape Shore.
9 Peaks Island Landing, Portland.
10. Gem Theatre, Peaks Island, Portland.

J. View from Fort Allen Park, Portland

Q. View at Riverton Park, Portland.

K. Outdoor Theatre, Riverton Park

Hearts

1. Grand Trunk R. R. Station, Portland.
2. Falmouth Hotel, Portland.
3. Preble House, Portland.
4. Columbia Hotel, Portland.
5. Lafayette Hotel, Portland.
6. Congress Sq. Hotel, Portland.
7. West End Hotel, Portland.
8. Federal Court House, Portland.
9. County Court House, Portland.
10. State Loan Co. Building, Portland.

J. Portland Observatory, 1807.

Q. State Street, Portland.

K. Western Promenade, Portland.

Spades

1. Public Library, Portland.
2 Keith's Theatre, Portland.
3. Jefferson Theatre, Portland.
5. Portland Theatre, Portland.
6. Portland Athletic Club, Portland.
7. Elk's Home, Portland.
8. Congress Block, Home of Portland Club.
8. Cumberland Club, Portland.
9. Porland Country Club.
10. Portland Society of Art, Portland.

J. Nathan Clifford School, Portland.

Q. Williston Church, Portland.

K. First Parish Church, Portland.

Clubs

1. Longfellow Home, Portland.
2. Graves of commanders of Enterprise and Boxer, Portland.
3. Stinson Memorial, Eastern Cemetery, Portland.
4. Soldiers' Monument, Portland.
5. Longfellow Monument, Portland.
6. Longfellow's Birthplace, Portland.
7. Spring Point Ledge Light, Portland.
8. Portland Yacht Club, Portland.
9 Portland Harbor, after a Storm.
1. New York Boat Entering Portland Harbor.

J. Boston Boat Entering Portland Harbor.

Q. Orr's Island Bridge.

K. Eagle Island, Home of Commander, Robt. E. Peary.

JOKER: New City Hall, Portland.

For list of views of other souvenir playing cards--"Among the White Mountains," "Maine, the Pine Tree State,' "Historic Boston," and "Vermont, the Green Mountain State,"--see other advertising pages.

Retail price 50 cents For sale at hotels and stores, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price from the publishers.

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SOUVENIR PLAYING CARDS

Fifty-three beautiful illustrations covering every point of especial interest within the "Green Mountain State." Back shows Vermont State House, surrounded by a border of red clover, the State flower. Emblazoned within each of the four corners appears the Seal of the State. Cards are with gilt edges, and put up in durable and attractive telescope cases. A most pleasing and useful souvenir.

List of Views

Hearts

1. Ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, Vt.
2. Missisquoi Park, C. V. R. R., Highgate Springs, Vt.
3. Lake Champlain at Highgate Springs, Vt.
4. Main Street, Stowe, Vt.
5. Moss Glen Falls, Stowe, Vt.
6. Bird's-eye View of St. Johnsbury, Vt.
7. Museum of Natural Science, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
8. Spaulding Graded School, Barre, Vt.
9. Granite Quarry, Barre, Vt.
10. Taylor Park, St. Albans, Vt.

J. C. V. R. R. Station, St. Albans, Vt.

Q. St. Albans Bay, Vt.

K. Rocky Point, St. Albans, Vt.

Spades

1. Camel's Hump from C. V. R. R.
2. Mills at Bethel, Vt., from C. V. R. R. Bridge.
3. High Bridge, at Winooski Gorge, Vt.
4. Old Toll Bridge at Bellows Falls, Vt.
5. C. V. R. R. Bridge, Northfield, Vt.
6. Upper State Street, Montpelier, Vt.
7. Upper Main Street, Moutpelier, Vt.
8. River at Montpelier, Vt.
9. A Vermont Meadow Scene.
10. College and Grounds, Middlebury, Vt.

J. Battell Bridge, Middlebury, Vt.

Q. A Vermont Dairy Farm.

K. Town Hall and Main Street, Brattleboro, Vt.

Diamonds

1. University of Vermont, Burlington.
2. Lafayette Monument, University of Vermont, Burlington.
3. Ft. Ethan Allen, Burlington, Vt.
4. Yacht Club and Harbor, Burlington, Vt.
5. Lake Champlain, from "Red Rocks," Burlington, Vt.
6. The Beach, Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.
7. Bridge over Missisquoi River, Swanton, Vt.
8. Middlesex Valley, Vt , from C.V. R. R
9. Lake Willoughby, West Burke, Vt.
10. Bird's-eye View of Wells River, Vt.

J. Lake Mephremagog and Newport, Vt.

Q. Mephremagog Yacht Club, Newport, Vt.

K. "New England States Limited," C. V. R. R.

Clubs

1. Battle Monument, Bennington, Vt.
2. Catamount Monument, Bennington, Vt.
3. White River at Sharon, Vt., on line of C. V. R. R.
4. C. V. R. R. Station, South Royalton, Vt.
5. R. R. Bridge over Connecticut River. White River Junction, Vt.
6. Summit House, Mount Mansfield, Vt.
7. Rutland R. R. Bridge, Ludlow, Vt.
8. Falls, at Center, Rutland, Vt
9. Bridge over Big Cut, Rutland R R., Summit, Vt.
10. Otter Creek, Vergennes, Vt.

J. Young Sugar Makers, Vt.

Q. Steamer "Vermont," Lake Champlain.

K. Getting Out Logs in the Green Mountains.

Joker: Ethan Allen Monument, Burlington, Vt.

For list of views of other souvenir playing card editions--"Among the White Mountains," "Portland-By-The-Sea," "Historic Boston," and "Maine, the Pine Tree State," see other advertising pages. Retail price 50 cents. For sale at hotels and stores, or by mail postpaid on receipt of price from the publishers, CHISHOLM BROTHERS, Portland, Me.

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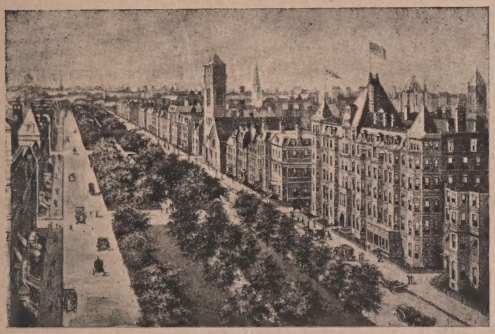

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